GENIUS IN LOVE AND DEATH

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GENIUS
in Love and Death

GENIUS
in Love and Death

BY

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TRANSLATED BY
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GENIUS
in Love and Death

Nupta

ABELARD'S PRAYER

I, PETRUS ABAELARDUS, abbot of Saint Gildas, pray unto Thee, O my God, out of utter loneliness. Behold, Thou hast sent me hither, to the edge of the world, to the thundering waves of the ocean. No exile can send me further. Once I was spoiled, a wilful child, with pride of thought. Now dreamings and memories take my strength from me. Now am I frightened, day and night, by a company of bestial monks, whom I am supposed to rule. They steal the abbey's goods and feed them to their peasant concubines. They have poured poison into my food, and into the wine of the altar. Here in these cells on the shore I have hidden with two whom I trust. But every path is an ambush of hired assassins. And Thou too oppressedest me sorely, when I fell from my horse on the dunes and came away with this hurt at the back of my neck. I am old, Lord, and miserable, like a mangy animal.

But why? Why dost Thou punish me so? Art Thou not satisfied with the evil which Thou hast ever visited upon me? I was the pride of the

Paris schools. Thou gavest me over into the hands of wickedness, to my opponents, and I was hurled into the abyss. From Brittany, from England, from the land of the Suevi and the Teutoni, from Rome had they hastened, to hear me speak. The crowds made way for me when I came down from the hill of Genevieve. The women lifted the curtains at the narrow windows.

My name, that was a torch flare,—Thou hast blotted out with obscurity. Was it truly Thy will that Conan, the bishop of Palestrina, Raoul Le Vert, the archbishop of Rheims, that Alberic and Lotulf should judge me guilty of Sabellius' heresy that God was one person, that they should degrade me to reading the Athanasian Creed before them? Was it Thy will that I should be condemned to imprisonment at Saint Medardus? But worse remains. Am I not a horror to Thy sight—since Thou didst suffer it so? Have I not known death-in-life, for more than twelve years? In the greying light of each new dawn, tossing on the boards that are my resting-place, I throw back the cover and look upon my body, raped of its manhood by that curved knife. The scars are still red-black, as if blood had newly run. Thy arm was stretched out in help to Fulbert and to the malefactors who forced their way into my room as I slept, to take from me the means of my sinning.

I had loved her with a carnal love, her who then became my wife. I had been the teacher of this girl of seventeen, and my hand had reached out, not for the books, but for a breast shaken by the poundings of her heart. We were bound together by a golden net, like Venus and Mars, whom limping Vulcan made a laughing stock. My desire made familiar to her every aspect of the flesh. Even in the week of our Lord's passion I did not abstain from her. I would whip her, that she should obey me, and these punishings were as the rarest balm upon my spirit. Now I am maimed, accursèd and ridiculous.

When I was crying out in pain and with the anger of a Job, she was in the nunnery of Beata Maria de Argentolio. Since then I have known only that somewhere our son Astralabius was growing up; only that, to hide her set face behind the sorrowful veil of the nun, she appeared before the altar, with heavy step. I did not ask advice of her, but of Foulque, abbot of Deuil; he advised against travelling to Rome. She was not in my mind when I fled by night from Saint Dionysus, nor when I let my disciples join me on the lonely banks of the Ardusson and build huts of rushes and lime around my place of prayer, dedicated to the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. I did not think of her until she and the sisters of

Argentolium were driven out. Then I studied, here at Saint Gildas, how I could rescue the Paraclete, my refuge, that I had left so foolishly.

I met her again, but I avoided her disturbed and her pitying look. I did no more than send her the news when I spoke to Thy wandering pope at Morigni. I was a guest in company with eleven cardinals and with this gloomy abbot of Clairvaux. Innocent, out of his goodness, granted me authority to found the abbey of the Paraclete, and I made her abbess. Was I held away from her by fear of slander?—it still hisses around me though my condition is no worse than that of the eunuch of Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, who was over all her treasure; no worse than Origen's. No, Lord, no, I was held away by fear, and by horror of myself, horror of wanderings in my mind, sick with impotence.

I listen into the storm, into the seething of the waves, while clouds and fog obscure the sky. I, the troubador, whose lyrics to Héloïse have sounded bright through the narrow streets of Paris, I compose sacred odes upon the grey coast of Morbihan, and they are *odae flebiles,* these songs of tears. I weep with Jacob for his sons, with Israel for Samson, with David for Abner, for Saul, and Jonathan. I weep with Dina, robbed of her honor by Sichem, who was cast off

by her brothers. I weep with those virgins, friends of the daughter sacrificed by Jephtha: Collatis circa se vestibus, in arae succensae gradibus traditus ab ipsa gladius. I am in the midst of cold, hypocrisy gained me my high priestly office, my grief consumes me: I weep for thy presence, Héloïse, and flee it.

HELOISE'S LAMENT

O my husband, whom my love can no longer reach, upon whose lips I would hang, though your written word is gall and wormwood; O husband, I call to you. What has life meant to me since I have been separated from you? At a word from you I would have killed myself. It was for your sake that whatever I did was done. I wanted you not to lose your freedom because of me, you, the radiant one, who garner honor in every land. I did not want to be your wife, but your mistress, yes, your woman. When destruction visited you it was with stifled sighs that I chose the shadow life of the convent. Yet I was firm as Cornelia, the wife of Pompey, when she saw again after the battle of Pharsala, him of whose defeat she was guilty. Is it a madness, this surrender of mine, which is slowly drowned in floods of hopelessness? Is it perchance true what

many imagine, that you did not love me as I loved you? I would have followed you—even into the yawning abyss of Hell. My heart has no home but with you. I am your slave, your footstool, your unnoticed thing.

Do not leave us. Do not leave me. I cherish in my memory every joy that you have given me and every place that brought us together—the grotto on the Sèvre, the two laughing rivers, the walls of the castle of Clisson, the green valley between the cliffs, filled with odors silver-bright. In my sleep these precious glimpses move me, and my lips form sounds that betray that I am still young. They think me virginal. They know nothing of my unchastity. They call me Prioress, Abbess. I am not one of your pious maidens. I have no longing for victory in a crown on high. I am a woman, with her maculate frailty; yours, O my friend, O king of kings.

ABELARD'S LAMENT

I have fallen still lower. A pilgrim, wearing the cowl low on his forehead—a leper—a man who has again been cursed by the Holy See and who has made submission to it. I gnash my teeth when I consider in what manner the false apostles

got the better of me. How they had denounced me as the Abailardus who howls against Heaven, as the new Phaëthon and Prometheus, as the real source of the plague of frogs which was devastating France. How the abbot of Clairvaux wrote to the entire college of cardinals and to the bishops that I was an enemy of the cross, a serpent, a Hydra, that I wanted to tear in pieces the mantle of our Lord, that I was a thiever of sacramental bread, a despoiler of churches, a mask of St. John behind which Herod lurked. How they had the judgment of my case all written out when the synod of Sens opened with mitre and crown, crosier and scepter, silken cloth and gold, vestments strewn with lilies, canticles and incense and the clashing clangor of kneeling knights in armor. And how he took his place, with downcast eyes and his cowl woven of hair, that man of wonders, that Benedictine, to read my writings aloud—till seething with disgust, without waiting to testify on my own behalf, I came out of the cathedral. I meant to go to Rome, but I collapsed in Burgundy. Petrus Venerabilis, the abbot of Cluny, sheltered me. Silent, in the meanest of clothing, I am sunk from sight in the shifting files of my dark-clad fellows. When there is a procession people gape at the news who it is who is marching there. I say no

word. To her too I have said no word since that last confession which was a mere abuse of holy sacrament. I am Samson imprisoned at his mill. I am waning in the darkness. I am a shadow among shadows, Héloïse.

REPORT OF WALTER MAP

I have written down the tale of Lancelot, and the story of Galahad, and I have often been in France and speak a better French than those who drink water from Marlborough spring. On one of these trips I got into the county of Champagne, in the neighborhood of Troyes. In the parish of Quincey, by the Arduzon, lies the Paraclete, the oratory of the Holy Trinity. The chapel shines out through the trees. In it is a sculptured group of three figures. God the Father, with a mantle flowing down from his shoulders and with the symbols of his rule, the Son with the crown of thorns, and the Holy Ghost with a crown of olive. They are all hewn from the same rock, and ribbons of stone bind them together. It was the hour between mass and the sixth. A bell rang. In a window, seen through its iron bars, stood the Prioress Héloïse, motionless. Her eyes were fixed on the distance, beyond the red-brown

ploughland and the meadows. Long after the death of Abélard we had called her Nupta, The Wife. I felt she still sought for her husband. I felt that she still was asking herself the question, why had he gone from her like a stranger, that day, he whom she had pressed to her breasts, to her body, whom she had sheltered. And I said to myself that this woman's-face was purer and more beautiful than the face of Queen Guinevere, who journeys to Gorre over the bridge of swords, to set Lancelot free.

REPORT OF PETRUS VENERABILIS

The learned Abélard departed this life, with true humility, at Saint Marcellus, after his disease of the skin had kept him in torture for a year. I, Pierre de Montboissier, abbot of Cluny, caused his body to be interred there, under a slab of stone. Later he had a resting-place in the cathedral, till the time when I could bring him over to the Paraclete, in secret and without the knowledge of my monks. She whose nobility of spirit is like Deborah's and Penthesilea's, she received me at the threshold and said only, "I thank you. You have given us back the body of our Lord." I preached in the hall of the chapter. I

gave to her, and sealed it with my seal, the absolution of this man, the Socrates and Aristotle and Plato of Gaul and of the West. They laid him in the crypt and they sang a hymn in which the bride and the wife sing their hope: Tecum fata sum perpessa, tecum dormiam defessa et in Sion veniam.

REPORT OF THE NUN MARCELLA

As our Mother drew near to her end, it was I who watched at her head. She said, God had spent on her a full quiver of his bitterest darts, the arrow of death brought no agony to her. The muscles of her face tightened, as if she were listening to a voice which did not reach our ears. Suddenly a strange brightness passed over her face. She had prayed God that he who was her husband might not die before her but might himself celebrate her funeral mass. But now she was alone, and it seemed as if the certainty from which her belief had never wavered was now fulfilled for her. She did not stir after the extreme unction when the nursing sister hurried into the convent with her rattle to warn them of the abbess' last hour, nor when all those who heard this command began the singing of the litany. She was laid away at the side of Abélard. And when

the crypt was opened to receive her coffin, several saw with their own eyes, and they were not deceived, that the long-dead Abélard broke through the cover of his tomb to lift the bones that were his arms and embrace his Héloïse.

REPORT OF THE PETIT JOURNAL

Of the monuments in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, none is better known in the civilized world than that of Abélard and Héloïse, a Gothic lantern in a field of shattered columns, of obelisks and crosses. In 1792 the citizens of the town of Nogent-sur-Seine, who were among the romantic followers of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, brought to the church of Saint-Léger the remains of the immortal lovers. In 1794 the church was destroyed by fanatics and the coffins could be got at. A physician of Châlons-sur-Saône took an impression in plaster of the stone-like masks. The horizontal statues of the monument were made with the help of these casts. They show a monk and a woman in the costume of the twelfth century. At their feet a dog is lying on a cushion; the symbol of fidelity. Since November in 1817 they have rested in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, surrounded by an aura of devotion. It is well known

that tourists flock to view the grave and that often everlasting wreaths and sweet-smelling flowers are laid before it by loving couples.

Yesterday evening, after the gates were locked, the watchman of the cemetery, Monsieur Soupe, came upon a couple in a suspicious attitude beside the monument,—Théodule P., waiter in a café, 21, and Céline R., employee in a factory at La Roquette, 25. Théodule P. had a revolver in his pocket. Both statues had been decked with roses. Since it was uncertain whether the arrested couple were planning a double suicide or whether tenderer feelings had inspired them, they were turned over to the policeman on the Boulevard Charonne.

Apotheosis

WITH the Countess Guiccioli he rides from Pisa to Genoa in a coach emblazoned with his family coat of arms. He has not been able to get rid of the Hunts. They and his servants follow by water, in feluccas. His friend, Trelawney, takes passage on the *Bolivar* and brings along the furniture, menagerie, and books for him.

Since his arrival he has been living with Teresa —the Countess—in the square orange-yellow Casa Saluzzo at Albaro. After an unsatisfactory winter Lord and Lady Blessington arrive. The young beau, Count d'Orsay, follows them. Lady Blessington is received by "Childe Harold" in the Casa Saluzzo. She is disappointed. Byron is shorter than she had thought him and the hair at the temples is thin and gray (although he uses mascara which is supposed to darken and preserve it). His nose seems to her too thick and his clothes not very fashionable. They look ready-made and are not snug enough for a body emaciated by foolish dieting. But she is glad he is not fat, as he was in Venice, "for a fat poet is an anomaly in my opinion." She finds him possessed

of a naïve vanity which extends even to the decoration of his bed. It bears the proud device *Crede Byron* and the baronial crown. She decides that his manner is too impetuous, perhaps partly because he is trying hard to conceal his lameness, without the self-assurance of a true gentleman.

However, during the weeks they spend together she learns to know him and comes under his spell. She is not convinced when he plays Lucifer with genial sarcasms. But she finds him genuine and fascinating when his eyes are suffused with tears because he has not found peace, and has not been true to the principle of his being. He tells Lady Blessington, "My heart is used up." He can no longer stand la Guiccioli, though he has nothing special against her. He tells Medwin, who interviews him, "My time is up. Vixi." For his noisy and revolutionary adventures among the Carbonari are over. Now he wants to get away from Teresa. Since his divorce the world has been scornful and hostile. He has reached the point where he is ready to parry its scorn and to riposte with action. And so he harkens to the call to Greece.

Years ago he had the idea of going to America. To Venezuela, Chile, Peru, or Mexico. He has often said that he would like to have a

house on a mountain peak in the Andes or on some boundless plain, where he could live as a colonist and have "a wife, a child, a name, a family." It is the enthusiasm of his youth which draws him to Greece. Memories of cypress trees, the Pindus Mountains, Thermopylae, the Suliots' sword dance, the intoxicating music of tambourines, *The Giaur, The Corsair, The Bride of Abydos,* the romance of the Orient.

This romance once made him famous. But his fame is fading. He knows that the Greeks are not the people he once dreamed them. His sense of reality and his political instinct as an English peer—which he still is—convince him of this. But when Edward Blaquière and the Greek, Luriottis, arrive in Genoa and announce that he has been elected a member of the London Philhellenic Committee, he does not hesitate. He thanks them for the honor and announces his departure for the battlefields where the war of independence is being fought.

Coldly, and with decision, he makes preparations for the voyage. He orders equipment for a hospital. He sells his stable, furniture, and library to get money. His banker, Barry, of Webb & Co., London and Livorno, is requested to supply him with letters of credit. He sketches designs for scarlet uniforms and for helmets.

His own helmet is to be a gigantic gilded affair after the Homeric manner. But he realizes in time that he is making himself ridiculous and decides to get along without display. He has no illusions. He says scoffingly to Lady Blessington: "An excuse for a masquerade! When I get back I'll write two poems, an epic and a burlesque. And I'll spare no one. Least of all myself." But at the farewell dinner his assurance disappears. "I have a presentiment," he remarks somberly, "that I shall die in Greece." Guiccioli clings to him. She wants to wait for him on an island in the Mediterranean, while he is collecting laurels. But he leaves her behind and she is forced to go to her father in Bologna.

The boat which is to be used for the expedition is the *Hercules*. John Scott, who owns the brig, is captain. The passengers are Byron, Count Pietro Gamba (Teresa's brother), Trelawney, Dr. Bruno, Byron's valet Fletcher, his steward Lega Zambelli, and the gondolier Battista (or Tita) Falciere. Gamba is an impractical shlemiel with white eyelashes and blinking eyes. He is tubercular and blushes frequently, which makes him seem young and shy. When he writes he begins every sentence with *Considerando,* a mannerism

that is current at the University of Bologna. Trelawney is a six-footer with hair as black and curly as a Moor's and a magnificent voice. The fellow fancies himself as Byron's hero, Lara, and nurses a deep hatred for his friend and leader. Dr. Bruno, a disciple of Professor Vaca's, is cheap and a bungler. He is terrified, because he has been told that if he makes the slightest mistake Byron will throw him to the dogs. The worthy Fletcher, originally a shoemaker in Newstead, has accompanied his master to the Orient once before. He despises Orientals. He has a wife, Sally, waiting in London, but the "illustrious" and "sanctimonious" Fletcher considers himself irresistible to women. Then there is Tita, who is rough and devoted, who is never upset when Milord has a fit of temper, and Trelawney's negro groom, the dogs, Lion and Moretto, and five horses.

Byron, who is neurotic and superstitious, who is influenced by spirits, ghosts, and the magic of the supernatural, who has been much affected by the prophecy made by a woman in Cheltenham to his mother that his thirty-seventh year will be dangerous, and who never undertakes anything on Friday or Sunday,—Byron decides to sail on Friday, the thirteenth of July. The next day there is no wind. On Sunday also—no wind.

Toward midnight a storm shakes the boat and the horses kick their stalls to pieces. Apathetic and depressed, Byron has to go on land again. He visits the Casa Saluzzo, which looks bleak. Then the brig puts out to sea in the direction of Livorno.

At Livorno three new passengers board her, the Scotchman, Hamilton Browne, and two Greeks, Shilizzi, who is a Russian spy, and Vitali, a traitor in the pay of the Turks. Trelawney warns Byron, but he will not listen. He reads Swift's biography, the Grimm brothers, and La Rochefoucauld. Presently he feels more cheerful and takes part in seamen's jokes. He tells Trelawney, "If death takes the shape of a cannonball, it will be welcome. I have no desire to live. But I can't stand pain." He says he would rather be buried on the rocky island of Maina, where he got the idea for *The Corsair,* than in Westminster.

In August the *Hercules* anchors off the coast of Cephalonia, where there is an English resident, Colonel Napier. Here is the harbor of Argostoli. Byron is much annoyed not to find the expected instructions, but Blaquière has left Zante and gone to London.

Byron makes a trip to Ithaca and speaks disparagingly of its Homeric ruins. It is a pose.

But on this expedition he is taken sick. He crawls about, pale and weak, leaning on a stick. He wears a nankeen jacket, elaborately embroidered, with frogs like a hussar's tunic. An observer says, "He looks like a man under sentence of death."

He returns to Cephalonia, where the monks of a Greek convent burn incense and sing hymns in his honor. Suddenly he begins to swear, using English and Italian indiscriminately—"Will no one save me from these pestilential idiots? It's enough to drive one crazy." During the night he has an epileptic attack—tears his clothes to pieces, and his bedcovers. Dr. Bruno feels wabbly and does not dare to approach him. But Mackie walks up to the frenzied man who has barricaded himself behind broken chairs. Byron shouts, "Get back! Get out! Can't they leave me alone, these hounds of hell?" He throws a chair at Mackie's head. Hamilton Browne persuades him to swallow two pills and he sinks into a profound sleep. Grumbling, Trelawney leaves the expedition. He associates himself with the clephten Odysseus Androtzos, chieftain of eastern Greece, who poses as a hero and is a crook.

Byron lingers until December in Metaxata, another Cephalonian harbor. He sees through the factional intrigues of this people. "They are the

most damnable liars," he writes. "Never since Eve was in Paradise has there been such incapacity for truth." And still he dallies with the idea of becoming their king: "If I find I don't like it, I'll lie down like Sancho." He knows only two words for talking with them, "Kathesete, kyrie." He is obliged to lend their emissaries 4,000 pounds for a Greek fleet. Finlay, a British Philhellene, who somewhat resembles Shelley, arrives from Göttingen. Byron stares at him, convinced it is the spirit of the dead man.

In November Dr. Millingen, a physician from Edinburgh, and three German officers arrive. Byron receives letters from Colonel Stanhope, whose puritanic liberalism had gotten on his nerves in Metaxata, and from the pretender to the throne, Alexander Mavrocordato. Mavrocordato has a thick mustache and blinks at the world from behind gold rimmed glasses which make it impossible to tell what he is thinking. Both Stanhope and Mavrocordato invite and urge him to come to Missolunghi. Two ships are engaged for the voyage. The first ship carries Byron, Dr. Bruno, Fletcher, the dogs, and the Greek boy, Lukas Chalandritsanos. The second ship, containing Gamba, Tita, Zambelli, the horses, and money, is captured by a Turkish frigate. But the captain once saved the life of

the Mohammedan commander of the frigate and the ship is generously allowed to proceed.

Byron's arrival on January fourth—amid cries, salvos, martial music, and the ringing of bells—is an apotheosis. Mavrocordato, officers, and bands of Suliots offer homage. But the village of Missolunghi lies on a lagoon among swamps—a dirty hole. Next to the house where he has two rooms there is a toilet for the soldiers.

Byron engages a personal bodyguard of six hundred Suliots. He is to be *archistrategos* of an expedition to Lepanto. When the expedition has to be cancelled, he sinks into complete hopelessness. "No, Tita," he says to the gondolier, "I'll never get away from Greece alive. Either the Turks, the Greeks or the climate will prevent it." It rains for days, and then for weeks. Mavrocordato avoids meeting Byron's eyes. Byron's quarrel with Stanhope increases in intensity. Stanhope is a pedant, who is interested only in publishing his *Greek Chronicle* of the war. In February an engineer named Parry arrives, who is to manufacture munitions. His experience consists in having been a clerk in the Woolwich arsenal. Like the rest he is a dilettante, but he is shrewd enough to foresee Byron's fate.

The Suliots are in mutiny. On the evening of February fifteenth Byron has an attack worse than the last one. He faints and has convulsions. The Suliots burst into his room, brandishing their weapons and shouting threats. Although he has a fever he manages to get up. They run away. Dr. Bruno applies leeches to his temple and Dr. Millingen arrives just in time to stop the flow of blood. One of the Suliots kills the Swedish lieutenant Sass, and the rest beat a retreat. By this time Byron wants to be rid of them and he has to pay their wages. At night there is an earthquake and he has another attack. He writes a last sorrowful letter to Augusta, his half sister and beloved, and tells her about a little nine-year-old Turkish girl, Hatadshi, whom he would like to adopt.

In March the Greek legislature offers him the title of governor. He is eager to attend the session at Salona, but it proves impossible because of heavy rains and the blockade. He quarrels with everyone, except with Tita and Lukas, the page. He is afraid of sickness and of death. A conspiracy is discovered between Karaiskai and Dyavella, one of the Suliots. On the ninth of April he goes out riding in spite of the bad weather, is soaked to the skin and, during his return by boat, develops a fever. On the tenth he forces

himself to go for a last ride, and is accompanied by Lambro the Suliot. Afterwards, when he is supposed to be resting, he speaks of the prophecy made by the woman in Cheltenham.

At night he has much pain. He complains about it but will not give Dr. Bruno permission to use leeches. He has confused phantasies. On the twelfth he does not get out of bed. On the thirteenth he is packed and ready to leave for Zante. But the sirocco blows, the rain comes down in floods, the voyage is postponed. Missolunghi is Byron's prison. On the fourteenth he is afraid of losing his memory and feverishly translates Latin verses into English to reassure himself. On the fifteenth he wants a witch who can exorcise him, and so a search is made in the village for a magician. He tells Parry in the evening that he is sure he is dying. He speaks of his wife, Annabel, whom he calls his "moral Clytemnestra," of his child, Ada, and of his home.

On the sixteenth he is delirious. He gives permission to apply leeches and stretches out his arm for the butchery. On the seventeenth he is bled twice and is twice unconscious. No one has any idea what to do; they run about and talk. It is as difficult to understand Dr. Bruno's English as Fletcher's Italian. Parry and Tita know only their own language. And in addition there are

the Greeks. Byron's pulse, according to Dr. Bruno, has "una forza gigantesca." He aches for sleep. He tells Fletcher he knows that a person who does not sleep must die or go insane. Two other doctors see him, Mavrocordato's doctor, a Cephalonian, and Dr. Treiber, a German. They forbid any further bleeding.

On Easter Sunday, the eighteenth, the noisy street celebrations of the citizens of Missolunghi are stopped. At four o'clock they suspect that the death agony has begun. "Oh, questa è una bella scena," Byron says to Tita, who is sobbing. Later only Fletcher remains beside his bed. He would apparently like to entrust a message to Fletcher, and give him directions. He murmurs, "Augusta, Ada." The rest is indistinguishable. When Fletcher confesses that he has not understood, Byron sighs, "My God, then it was all for nothing. It's too late." He gnashes his teeth. He groans, "Oh, Christ!" Then he pulls off the cloth which is supposed to cool his forehead, weeps, and falls asleep.

He continues to sleep all night and Easter Monday. His eyes open for a few seconds and he dies at quarter after six in the evening. Hatadshi, trembling like a little bird, crouches in a corner, and peers curiously at the face of the dead man.

Ashes

THE Marquesa of Pescara made no vow when she took up her abode—with permission of Pope Clemens—at San Silvestro in Capite, among the convent gardens on the monte Pincio. It was here that the self-portrait of Christ hung, that He had sent to King Abgarus. In this retired spot the widow lived for the memory of her husband, Ferrante d'Avalos.

He had died at Milan, wasted with wounds got in battle at Pavia. They said, the blade has worn out the scabbard. It was too late when he was able to send for his wife—his Vittoria. He lay in the palace of the Sforzas; uncanny was the ebbing of his strength, as if poison were spreading stealthily within him. Anxiety arose round about him out of heavy silence, for he, the generalissimo of the imperial forces, had forbidden them to ring the bells. It might have roused the populace, unfriendly to the conquering power. The fort had not surrendered yet. From there came spurts of noise to break that silence, the gun fire of the Spaniards. Over there bristled rusty halberds of Swiss and German infantry. Pescara, his hollow

cheeks torn with scars, came to the death rattle. De Bourbon, the High Constable, became commander-in-chief. They carried the dead man into the church of San Piero Gessate.

From there the body was taken to Naples, to San Domenico Maggiore. Covered with brocade of gold, the catafalque stood near the high altar. Before it rested a doubled-edged sword encrusted with black enamel, and a ragged banner. Now a monument was to be erected over this warrior, whom Vittoria had warned, when the League had offered him the crown of Naples, not to let its glitter seduce him from his allegiance to Charles V, and yet at the last the foul air of treachery had been near to overwhelming him.

When the troops of the Colonnas plundered the Vatican, the sacristy of Saint Peter, the palaces of the prelates in the Borgo, her brother Ascanio Colonna sent her to San Silvestro in Marino. It was at Ischia that she heard of the sack of Rome by the soldiers of the Constable, who had been shot down by the enemy. Throughout, Vittoria clung to one single thought. For it had been to celebrate Ferrante, lord of Pescara, that she wrote the Letter which was the beginning of her fame as that poetess, elect of Italy. That was twenty years ago now, after Pescara had been wounded at Ravenna, after that Easter time when the

waters of the lake of Averno boiled and hissed in the fog and sea-gods wept. Then it was that she had written to the dear prisoner, "with leaden heart and eye-lash wet with tears." She, the childless one, whose lips opened to speak—in solitude.

Now, at thirty-six a letter came to her at Ischia, from Toledo. Baldassare Castiglioni begged her to forget her private grief, for misfortune had engulfed them all together. "Once I believed that you were dead along with the Marques, your glorious husband. Now I have better apprehension and hold that your husband lives on in you. For I believe that there is so much of immortality in the divine attributes of both your souls that this immortality has power to go over into the flesh of the beloved one. His death, which has brought such sadness to us, is more a dream than a reality, I feel sure."

The Marquesa of Pescara had begun to seek the consolations of religion with greater earnestness in these latter years (she had just reached the midpoint of the forties). She had gone back to Rome from Arpino, the town whose gates are ancient Volscian make. She lived again at Ischia, and in Orvieto. She compared herself to

ivy when the pillar to which it clung is destroyed by a fire. The vine grows feebly on the ground, it can no longer climb toward the sun. She inclined toward the teachings of Juan Valdez, like Giulia Gonzaga, and those of Fra Bernardino Ochino of Siena, the Capuchin, like Caterina Cybo, who was the sister of Eleonora Fieschi, the countess of Lavagna. In Rome she had received the emperor, who sat there with his glassy, tired eyes and loose-hung lower jaw, and she had been entertained by Ercole, son of Alfonso, duke of Ferrara. She had wanted to journey to Jerusalem, but illness intervened. She was still beautiful.

The sculptor Michelagniolo,—Buonarotti Simone from Caprese,—she had seen him, just as she met many of the great spirits of the time. They ran into each other quite often this spring on the monte Cavallo. Near the park of the Colonnas in which were the ruins of Aurelius' temple to the Sun there towered the church of San Silvestro, the second of that name. If you walked the paths of its garden you could see Rome—Trajan's column, triumphal arches, palaces, vineyards, walls burst and scattered and hidden under clambering roses.

In the church a Dominican, Fra Ambrogio, is preaching on the epistles of Saint Paul. Messer

Lattanzio, the nuncio, nephew of Cardinal Ghinucci, points out a woman in clothes of dismal simplicity to the Portuguese painter Francesco de Hollanda. That is Vittoria Colonna, who as a youthful marquesa shone resplendent in a gown of crimson brocade, satin with twigs of gold embroidered on it. Then she wore a headdress of cloth of gold, capped by crimson silk covered with ornaments of gold, massy as the work of her girdle. On that occasion six girls of noble birth, clad in light blue damask, six equerries in yellow and blue silk, followed after the white and black splotched palfrey that she rode. The pale fellow over there, not far from the choir, is Giuseppe Jova, her secretary, the nuncio tells him. Part of Jova's duties are to polish her verses. The fat one next to him is the Spaniard Diego Zapata. And the man hidden by the pulpit is Michelagniolo.

He thrusts forward his head, with the iron-grey, fan-shaped beard, the furrowed brow, the ruin of a nose. His glance burns as he watches for a look from the marquesa. Fra Ambrogio finishes his sermon. Vittoria, with her friends, moves out under the cypress trees. They sit on the stone benches of the garden. Three more artists arrive, Valerio Belli of Vicenza, the gem carver, especial hate of Cellini and his ambition,

the painter of miniatures Don Giulio Clovio, and Sebastiano del Piombo, whom Buonarotti scolds for loafing.

"Speak," signals the marquesa, and Michelagniolo speaks of the technique of art, awkward at first, but slowly his speech gathers fire. The marquesa asks him about a plan for a new nunnery that the pope has approved, here on the hillside, where the portico stands from which the wanton Nero watched the flames that were engulfing Rome. Michelagniolo replies in jest that the portico could serve as the tower of the church. Anyway he has advised using the ciborium of San Lorenzo in Florence as a dovecote, or as a chimney for a barbershop. Evening has come. Stars blaze.

Buonarotti returns to the street of Macel de' Corvi, to his workroom. He dismisses Urbino, who grinds his colors. His lank form huddles down in the reddish darkness. His shadow is a squat gnome behind him. "Tell me, O Love," he stammers, "do I in truth then see at last the beauty I have prayed and yearned to look on, or is she but transfigured by these eyes that wish to gaze so long?" No woman had ever stirred him toiling among the marble apparitions that loom out of the shadows of this sculptor's shed. He

had loved beautiful youths—Gherardo Perini, Febo di Poggio, and, his greatest passion, Tommaso dei Cavalieri. He loved beautiful horses, beautiful dogs, the beauty of a mountain, a wood, a landscape. The ecstasy of titanic pain had overflowed in him ever since he had been charged with Nature's wild secret, caught from the swelling loins of his Bathing Soldiers. But he himself was a soldier who swept toward battle. Asleep he wore the same clothes, kept on his boots, till he could hardly pull them from his feet without skin coming off too.

His love for Vittoria was torture and overwhelming surprise. Nothing could hide from his hawk's eyes the creasings and thickenings that began to mar her body. But for him behind this naked picture shone her platonic idea. Her awakening of him led to sonnets, heavy, pedestrian. He knew his distance from her because of his age, his mortification of the flesh, "his path so steep, so rough, so far." Compared with her gracious genius he found himself guilty of poverty, his wings were faltering, his flight was ending, a worn-out artist, dust and ashes. "And sad at heart means hideous of face." He hoped to be united with her in a future life, even though he should be unlovely. Gates to paradise was his name for her brows. Sobbing shook these con-

fessions as he seized his tools, reciting them in hollow tones. The sobbing of one who finds day after day slipping from his grasp until the boundary of his appointed time draws near, one who comes to "the furthest bourne of life" shaken by the thought of what he cannot call back. One whose path leads nowhere, till its hopelessness makes him a little ridiculous.

He had been creating all the time that he was warding off the brutality of Giovan Simone, his brother, and of Mona Margherita, the "beasts," and suffering humiliation at their hands. He was shaken by sudden moods and finally withdrew his servile duty to his despotic patrons in the Vatican. During all this his brain, aided by chisel and brush, had brought into being colossi fathered by his melancholy—the David, the copper-red Ignudi, the Prophets and Sibyls, the Moses, the magic bodies of the Two Slaves, the angry Day, the slumbering Night, the shadowed Thinker, the Brooder, along with Dawn and Twilight. All was force, bitterness, horror. Unable to rest, Michelagniolo pressed down upon his brow his pasteboard helmet with the candles flaming on it, and, hoping to shut out Vittoria and his grief, he threw himself into working up the canvases

stretched ready before him, the drawings for the mad tumult of the Last Judgment.

The marquesa had left Santa Caterina in Viterbo and come to Rome. The Colonnas had gambled away their power and in the fight over their castles they had been overcome by the army of Pope Paul, the Farnese. Fra Bernardino had fled, the heretical general vicar of the Capuchins, fled to Zurich and Geneva in a dirty smock and leather jacket, stopping overnight in the poorest taverns, to escape the Antichrist and the Inquisition. The marquesa enlisted Sir Reginald Pole among the covert partisans of the Cardinal. She and Buonarotti had written each other, among other things, about the crucifix he was making for her, a Christ forsaken and crying aloud to heaven, in revolt against death; about the Descent from the Cross showing the Mother of God who speaks the words of Dante: "And no one weighs the price, the red blood streaming."

The marquesa did not move into the empty palace of the Colonna near the Church of the Apostles, but into the Benedictine nunnery Sant' Anna de' Funari, where, on the site of the Circus Flaminius, ropemakers reeled out their tow. A forlorn suburb. She had fallen ill at Viterbo.

She seemed wasted when she greeted Michelagniolo as he entered her whitewashed room. The shadows under his swollen eyelids had grown heavier through the malady that had threatened him. Over a gulf of darkness and death they exchanged vows of friendship. But Michelagniolo found his love more heartfelt than her love for him.

She did not die in the convent, but in the palace of the Cesarini. Michelagniolo went to view her. He kissed her drooping hand. Afterward came regret that he had not kissed her pale countenance. He was a glowing ember among ashes, soon also fallen into ashes.

Scardanelli

TO get down to the Neckar you climb over a wilderness of rocks. On July days the warm and glistening current laves the flanks and breasts of horses that have been ridden down to the water. The scent of elderberry bushes pervades the alleys. In one of the narrow streets stands the house of Zimmer, a cabinet maker. The yard is cluttered with carpenter's tools. Steps lead up to an attic room which rests on the foundation of one of Tübingen's old city towers.

A fool stands in the room, his left hand in the pocket of his loose trousers. It is Holder or Hölderle, Librarius, also known as Scardanelli, Buonarotti, and Killalusimeno. In his sweaty shirt he might easily be mistaken for an old peasant or a shepherd. But there is something uncertain and ghostly about the grey eyes. It is evident when he looks at a visitor that he has no great opinion of himself. He is always paying people compliments, and says, "Yes, yes, Your Majesty." You can barely catch his German words, and on top of that he mixes in a halting French of the Württemberg brand. Little pictures

are nailed to the walls. From the window are seen meadows and roads bordered by plane trees on the far side of the Neckar. The sun is setting and the landscape is wrapped in a rosy haze. He stares at the sinking ball of fire. As soon as it grows dark, Scardanelli rushes about the room as though he were a caged animal.

The first symptoms of insanity appeared forty years ago when he believed that he was now "hardened and consecrated through and through," when he heard the twanging of far-shooting Apollo's bow and saw fire leap in the sky. It happened while he was far from his friends, tutoring in Bordeaux. "But a fig tree grows in the courtyard, it is the feast of the Church, brown women walk across the satiny floor of earth, in March, when days and nights are equal length, and slumberous winds, heavy with golden dreams, are borne along the paths."

He leaves Bordeaux and wanders from place to place—he is really in flight. He appears with badly torn clothing at a castle near Blois. He might be one of the political prisoners who were allowed to live in the interior of France after the revolution. He enters the gateway of the estate and hurries to the marble fountain in the center

of the gardens. Its balustrade is decorated with copied statues of twenty-four Greek divinities. He raises his arms in worship and shouts caressing and meaningless sounds in ecstasy. He pays no attention to the forester who tries to send him away, and when the owner of the estate appears he tells him that the goddess who is called Pomona is really Aglaia. "This water ought to be clearer than the fountain of Erechtheus on the Acropolis, or the water of Cephissus." He adds, sighing, "But we are not in Greece."

The owner takes his weird guest to the castle and ushers him into the salon. "I'm tired," Scardanelli says. He lies down on a sofa in the salon and sleeps until evening. At dinner he is very gay, speaks of art and genius, falls silent, and then replies brusquely when asked about his own claim to immortality, and cannot remember his name. During the night he attacks a servant on the attic stairs. A dagger, which he has found somewhere, is taken from him. He falls asleep again quickly, as though greatly exhausted. In the morning he is sad and with hanging head disappears into one of the thickets of the estate, where he lies down on a bench. Some hours later the owner rides on horseback through the entire estate looking for him, but he has left.

With long hair and a beard, grey as a corpse,

hollow-eyed, ragged, and a beggar, he turns up at Matthison's house in Stuttgart, murmurs "Hölderlin," and disappears again like a ghost. Then he stays for a time at Nürtingen with his mother, Frau Gock, wife of a former Chancellor of the Exchequer. Once, in a fit of rage, he drives her and the other members of the household out of doors. Another time, though sexless, he attacks one of his female relatives.

At Nürtingen he writes six *Songs of Night*—a new metaphysical light plays around the verses. At this time he receives Sinclair's letter, which has been forwarded from Homburg and Bordeaux saying that Susette Gontard—who influenced him when he was tutoring at the house of her husband, the banker Borkenstein of Frankfurt—saying that "Diotima" has died of the measles. His grief about her succeeds in penetrating what little of his mind is still under his control. As though he suspected what was going to happen to him he once wrote to her,—after they had been separated,—"I say to myself very softly these terrifying words, 'A living death.' "

Two years later, through his friend Sinclair, he is given the position as librarian to the Hessian landgrave in Homburg, a town where he had once lived. There he has a room at the house of a French clockmaker, Calame, amid the blue hills.

While his hallucination is at its highest pitch he composes a marvellously touching complaint. "Woe is me. Where shall I find flowers when winter comes, where the sunshine and shadows of the earth? These walls are cold and silent, and the flags rattle overhead." Bettina, who has heard Sinclair talk about him, reports that Princess Augustë gave him a grand piano and that "he cut some of the strings. Not all, but enough so that many of the keys miss. He plays on it and composes phantasies." Through endless labyrinths he pursues the mystical quest on which he is engaged, and makes oracular pronouncements. About the single rhythm and God of the universe; about the three kinds of spirit,—plastic, athletic, and Hesperic; about mystic union in marriage.

Someone complains to the police that Sinclair, the Justice, is fomenting a Jacobin conspiracy and that Hölderlin knows about it. The insane man, according to the accusation, has been known to scold about Sinclair and the Jacobins and on several occasions was heard to shriek, "I won't be a Jacobin. Long live the king." As a result of the accusation Doctor Müller gives as his official opinion that Master Hölderlin's attacks are getting worse every time, and that his mixture of German, Greek, and Latin must be regarded as

the ravings of a maniac. Now, when he goes walking alone, the people on the streets of Homburg threaten him and are ready to attack him. The landgrave refuses to give him his board and salary. Sinclair tells Hölderlin that he must go down to Tübingen on the Neckar, back in Württemberg, to buy books for the landgrave, and when they arrive there, he takes him to the Authenrieth clinic. As soon as he enters a maniac phase the leather mask which is used at the clinic is strapped to his head, and he is not allowed to have a fork, only a tin spoon. It is thought safe later to transfer him to the cabinet maker's house and the doctor surmises that he will not last more than three years. But it takes him thirty-five years to die, and since the cabinet maker is very human and looks after him good naturedly, the insane man becomes quite harmless.

When he first came to the house, Zimmer, who is prosperous and knows the names of such men as Schelling, Novalis, and Tieck, used to write Hölderlin's mother about her son's welfare. She was informed that he laughed when plums that were being shaken from the tree fell on his head, he was enraptured when Professor Conz read him a page of Homer, he was naughty and said he

wasn't a Master of Philosophy but a Royal Bilibirrarian, he had an intense fever, he wrote the *Heritage of Nature,* he is growing more and more composed, he begins to enjoy playing the piano again. He gets fun out of the mandolin and the flute too. He suffers a great deal from the cold. His appetite is not only good but even ravenous. He scratches the walls with his nails and indulges in muttered monologues. Any cynical attitude, any cynical expression, is wholly foreign to him.

When he goes out to take the air he wears a republican hat, knee-breeches, laced shoes, gaiters, and a bullet-pouch on a leather strap over his shoulder. He runs after children, but they are afraid of him. If people try to tease him, as the more brutal students sometimes do, he throws stones and filth at them. Waiblinger, on seeing him after ten years, notices that the heavy contraction of his brows seems to press in upon his mind, and a convulsive movement jerks his shoulders upward. He has to be washed, his dirty hands have to be cleaned for him. He will spend half a day pulling up grass and stuffing his pockets with flowers. Or else it's rusty iron or old leather. He is blissfully happy with the gift of a bit of snuff or of a pipe, which the guard at the gate has to light for him. When he plays the piano he hits the keys with his fingernails. For

he remembers with humility that Susette used to scold him for biting his nails when he was a tutor at her house, and so now he refuses to have them cut. Sometimes he sings with terrible pathos. When he wants to set out to walk back to Frankfurt they hide his shoes and to revenge himself he stays in bed five days. He drinks an excessive amount of beer and wine. Asked how old he is, he says, "Seventeen, Baron," for "Baron," or "Your Holiness," or "Your Reverence" are the ceremonious titles which he confers on everyone alike. Admonished by his landlord, he writes to his mother—empty phrases that grow a little more meaningless each time.

Laughing nervously, he refers to his garbled speech as the "Kamalatta language." He uses the same method in making up this word that he did in making up Killalusimeno. He scribbles sheet upon sheet of paper with meaningless alcaics. He borrows Pindar's word "namely" and uses it frequently. During his clearer moments he evolves his *Oedipus* and his *Greece*. "I have become orthodox, Your Holiness," he assures Waiblinger. "I am studying the third volume of Kant at present and spend much time on modern philosophy." In a daring moment, he writes: "O God in heaven, to think that there was a time

when I won some of the battles between us, some of them no mean victories."

He knows that he wrote *Hyperion.* While reading it he says aloud, "Oh, beautiful, beautiful, Your Majesty." There is a fragment of an ode to Diotima, whose letters he has hidden in his trunks: "If, in spite of the distance that separates us, you who are my past and the sharer of my sorrows, still recognize me, if I can do anything which would give you pleasure. . . ." They are *torsi,* these last lyrical verses—about Sunday, fame, a cemetery, a walk, a landscape, the year. But he hasn't enough energy to complete them. "April, May, July are gone, I'm sick of all of it, my life is done." It still gives him a queer pleasure to mask—he signs himself, "Humbly, Scardanelli," and uses misleading dates: "May 24, 1748—January 20, 1758—May 3, 1648—May 20, 1758—April 24, 1749."

At seventy he is grey-haired, but his peculiarities have hardly changed. When it is too much effort to think, he uses the word "pallaksh," which means either "yes" or "no." His favorite flowers are hyacinths. He is given a collected edition of his poems. "Yes," he says, "the poems are genuine, I wrote them, but the name is wrong. My name was never Hölderlin, it was Scardanelli or Scarivari or Scaliger Rosa or something like

that." He is asked about Diotima. "Oh Diotima," he says. "Don't talk to me about my Diotima. I had thirteen sons by her. One of them is pope, the second is sultan, the third is the Czar of Russia, the fourth King of Spain, and so it goes." He adds hastily in the dialect of a Swabian peasant, "And d'ye want to know the rest? She went crazy, that's what she did. Crazy, crazy, crazy."

In June, 1843, he does not feel well. He lies down, but is too frightened to stay in bed. He looks out of the window at the moonlight night, lies down again, utters some prayer, and dies at four in the morning without struggle. Pleurisy, ossification of the heart, and water on the brain were, according to the physician's verdict, the causes of his death.

The Two Sisters

THE magistrate of Alten-Gleichen had been a student at the University of Göttingen. His head was square built and his face betrayed a passionate nature. The town was in Hanover and under the patronage of the von Uslar family. The magistrate boarded with Councillor Listn, one of his predecessors in office. He shortly was great friends with the councillor's wife. Hers was a lovely spirit, and one poet had celebrated "Lucinda's" charms, another had addressed her as "Elise." The Councillor toped brandy and practiced chicanery and intrigue. He was as good-for-nothing as his successors. The new man too dispensed justice in a pretty slovenly way. His sittings were held at Gelliehausen near Göttingen, behind the "Oak Jug" tavern. If he felt like it he could picture himself with power of life and death, sentencing to the gallows, the wheel, flogging, wheeling the barrow, the iron collar, the Spanish maiden, the gauntlet, the dogkennel. Passing judgment on students and petty court assessors if they rode across-fields or were caught in immorality. He had had "The Red Dragon"

before him in strict arrest to face his inquisition, and that "Miss Drechslern" from Göttingen. Fortunately she hadn't been in Madame Sachse's house that time, else she would probably have coolly reminded him of it before all the village mayors and jurors. Solicitors hummed like mosquitoes around him; he was always behind with the papers.

Sometimes he got drunk, not on aristocratic liqueurs, rather on Rhine-wine, burgundy, champagne, till he lay stiff as a log. Then too he was poor as a church-mouse. He was afraid he'd have to marry the first best creature that had five hundred dollars. In April was sowing time, but seed-oats were lacking here. In summer the poplars were clothed in silver-green foliage. In December storms raged around the castle towers and drove the threatening army of clouds headlong before them. Our magistrate slept without covering even in the coldest nights. This happened when inspiration fired him.

In the attic in a big chest lay a wonderful collection of works from his pen, and his dusty Homer. But he heard snatches of words of some scary song that the maids sang at spinning or in spring evenings under the linden-trees and out bleaching cloth. And, as he listened, above a soldier's bones and above Lenore of the lily-white hands

the heaven and all its stars flew past. He tumbled to his pine table in the yellow moonlight, amid clouds of tobacco smoke he dashed off a ballad, he was swept out of himself by the ineffable force of his inspiration. He read his creation to Frau Listn, and she would get into a state over it the next night. She, who was in communication with the spirit world, to whom he planned to dedicate a chaste solo for harp, till she should become his companion in the upper realms—she lost her reason. The young magistrate fled from this Bedlam.

He moved to Niedeck to the home of his colleague Leonhart, who at fifty-four had been married twice and had eight children. Among them were the eighteen-year-old "Dorette," and "Gustchen," sixteen. Dorette was brown-haired, with dark eyes always a trifle damp, and a snub nose; little Augusta blonde, blue-eyed, with slender nose. One mild and patient, the other with a graceful sensuality, as yet unripened. The young magistrate played the spendthrift (that was his phrase) with Dorette. And he paid his tribute to Nature. In November he married the tender Dorothea Marianne Leonhart. Six months later she gave birth to a little girl, Antoinette. Now the young husband could no longer back out. But already he was being fascinated by the jolly light-

haired Gustchen, whom he called Molly. He thought the fever would pass quickly.

Now he lived with his wife and his child in the vicinity of Niedeck, in Wöllmershausen. A little unpaved street led to the cottage stuck in a corner next to the mill. It stood among trees. Roundabout was a swamp where you could sink kneedeep; billows of fog steamed from it. The walls dripped. The bungling at the office went on. Outside the courtroom the throat-clearing, coughing, and subdued talk of clients, the dragging and stamping of peasants' feet. The enervating caresses of Lady Justitia. And after the disputes over rent came Criminalia. For instance, the highway robbery committed against a parson's honorable lady, the trial of a dozen Jews and their accomplices—it went on and on till you were sick and tired of it. Our magistrate looked upon himself as Prometheus with his liver being pecked and torn by the vulture. His juices all dried up, except his bile. Hypochondria tightened, one after another, her hundred arms about him. He was Timon, the poison-fellow himself, in his cave. Within him the basilisks brooded and phantoms rolled about. Yet he dreamed of plunging into the vast sea of the world and finding somewhere a blessed isle.

Dorette prolonged her visit at Niedeck. He

was alone, there was no one else, cellar to roof-beams, and his thoughts of Molly gave him no rest. Or else he couldn't stand it and had to go to her. He was ill of unsatisfied desire, desire to drink the cup of love. Once he listened to her breathing as she slept, listened sunk in a torturing oppression. She still evaded his advances, she struggled against him, she thought of Dorette, of the sin it would mean. She rejected a suitor, her brother-in-law had grumbled that he was a fool of a grocer and a dude.

He wanted to run away, to the Rhine or to the cow-herds of the Alps, free of the handcuffs and anklets that seemed to confine him. He wanted to flee Europe, to seek out Robinson Crusoe's island, America, to follow not Werther but Washington, to plunge through hedges of thorn,—still he did not escape his impossible love. He journeyed to Hanover and came home in a stage coach by way of Göttingen. He sat next to a middling pretty lady's maid. In the darkness he took her leather glove off her soft hand, kissed her, stroked her cheeks. Then, sighing, weeping, laughing, Molly yielded to him.

Was Dorette silent because she was unaware, because she was noble, or because she was timid? Her little girl died when she was three. He had been frightened by the unexpected clarity and

radiance of that childish spirit, he was aroused against the Heavenly Father. And once more came fury against his stifling prison: "It's horrible to see one's spirit and body both being worn away." He talked foolishly of Tahiti, of England, of Spain and Portugal. But if he had set forth, his *atra cura* would have ridden with him, clinging behind on the saddle. In the grey autumn he was in despair, a man left half-broken on the wheel. There was no prospect of regaining his former health.

And now Dorette summoned up her energies and forced him to separate from Molly. She sent Molly to live with another sister, Anna. A thousand tears had accompanied Dorette's beseechings that he hasten the preparations for Molly's leaving. Ten thousand tears flowed when it came to the actual parting. All of them felt that there was no longer any hope of healing the breach, all became more desperate. Bürger thought of a solution like the one in the story of the German knight Count von Gleichen. "If I could buy you back," he wrote to Molly, "by journeying on foot around the globe, naked, barefoot, through thorns and thistles, over mountains, snow, and ice,—oh, I would set out today, and then, when I finally sank into your arms, weak from loss of blood, sustained only by a last spark

of life, when I drew delight and new life from your bosom, I would hold that I had paid out only a bagatelle." To him she had given "the first fruits of her love, unspotted and untouched." She had vowed to him that if she should ever give herself to another man she would stand an adultress in the sight of God. Now he broke down.

He rented the Appenrode estate, with a castle that had not one unbroken window, no stove, no door. His desk was a stink in his nostrils, he plunged into the soil like a mole. He had a horse that was fiery,—in color,—the aged Flox, and a yellow dog, Beggarman. He seldom had the urge now to write poetry, but there was the child murder by Katherina Elisabeth Erdmann of Benniehausen, and out of the misery of the court record and out of the quail-hunting in the grainfields and the heavy scent of red blossoms on the bean vines and flickering will-o'-the-wisps above the pond—out of these grew up in him the melody of the Pastor's Daughter at Taubenhain.

At Christmas a brother of Dorette and Molly was their guest, Ludwig, who was in the service as a corporal, in Münster. He quarrelled violently with his brother-in-law about this marriage that had run wild. During the next year Karl, the

oldest of the Leonhart children, died there at Appenrode of an inherited illness of the lungs. About this time Dorette formed a community of the flesh with Molly. They would both be wife to the one man. And he thanked Dorette for her gift of renunciation.

Molly, glimmeringly pale of face, was pregnant. Frederica Bürger took her into her home in Langendorf. There she gave birth to a boy, Emil, "Milë," at the height of summer-tide. And by winter she hadn't come back. But Bürger drove over, so that he might put his arms about her. Then Dorette for the third time became the mother of a girl. They named her Guste, Molly's old name. Dorette was brought to bed in Gelliehausen, and lay in peasant poverty. Bürger fled from the hunger-stricken farm he had rented and from his position, resigning from the miserable two-for-a-penny bench, bankrupt spiritually and financially. Dorette was coughing sharply. She had a hectic flush—tuberculosis. After three months, when she was barely twenty-eight, she was dead. The child followed her.

The preacher at Bissendorf wedded Herr G. A. Bürger, poet and teacher of German style at Göttingen, and Demoiselle Leonhart. They lived in Göttingen, the unofficial professor and Molly. At their second Christmas she carried on her arm

a child conceived before the wedding. They had given it her name, Gustchen. She smiled a tired smile.

She died on the eighth of January, as her sister had done. Her eyes were ghostly. Her hands lying on the great head of her beloved had not the strength to stroke it, their playfulness was done. He peered forward on the road and found destiny impenetrable. All was black as night. His house was strange to him, a wilderness. He ran to and fro, from one room into the next, sat down on chairs, got up and wandered on. He mourned for her who, after ten years of thirst, martydrom, yearning, at last had been his. She had begun to raise him to a heaven where all was sun and joy, only to leave him half way along the path to the new life and let him sink deeper than ever, back into the night from which he came. He called her, screaming.

Three years later, after he had blundered from an angel, Molly, to a devil, Frau Doctor Kaulfuss, "rattling Bridget," and on to an ordinary sort of woman, Frau Forkel, who had separated from her husband, the orchestra leader,—he married a girl from Swabia, Elise Hahn. That matchmaker, Frau Ehrmann, in Stuttgart, sent

him a portrait of Fräulein Hahn. As he unwrapped it he trembled so violently that the postman noticed it. Elise had a head of hair à la Lenore, like a coal-black stage wig with long curls. A vision of his blonde Molly danced before his eyes. He felt as if he had to save himself from hostile magic.

He could not banish Molly, and Elise grew into hatred for the dead wife. Anger and wonder possessed him. She wrote him a note in which she begged off. He had sunk to the disgrace of wearing a cuckold's horns, he was again alone. Riding a stiff-legged white horse whose ribs stuck out, who wouldn't have done for a merry-go-round, an old man, an eccentric, he trotted through the streets of Göttingen. His voice had lost all force, he could no longer speak. Though all the candles were lit about him, his eyes beheld no light. But he saw at the hour of his death, beheld the shades of the two sisters hand in hand, Dorette, a touching figure in a cap that had worn out long before, Molly crowned with her golden glory, a daughter of Adonis' race, translated from Olympus.

A Bedouin at Heart

THE white painted house at Croisset, once a property of the holy cloister at Saint Ouen, has traces of an older style of architecture in the inner courtyard, but an ugly renovated façade. In front of the house is an extensive terrace, where Flaubert, swinging his arms violently, is accustomed to pace up and down in a fit of intense abstraction. The terrace is bordered by a row of linden trees, which provide shade and which are trimmed flat to imitate a wall. There is a Louis Quinze pavilion from which you can see the gleaming Seine. Yew trees grow near the rock above the house where a statue of Mercury once stood. The branches of chestnut trees droop over a stone bench. From here a broad expanse of sky and clouds is visible. Thick masses of smoke from a tug boat rise above the river and ships with tall masts file by. At one o'clock in the afternoon the passenger boat whistles. Toward evening the small boats of the eel fishermen push off from shore, and in the darkness the silhouette of a horse glides along the tow path, dragging a boat which cuts the black water noise-

lessly. Flaubert remarks: "It's about time to go up."

His study is on the second floor. It has a low ceiling, five windows, and a fireplace with a mantel-piece clock of yellow marble. On this is a bronze Hippocrates, an heirloom left by his father, who was a doctor at the hospital in Rouen. Beside a bust of Flaubert's sister, a copy of Callot's *Temptation of Saint Anthony,* and a water-color of a languishing Englishwoman, there are Oriental things scattered about the room,—amulets, arrows, drums, and two mummies' feet, mementos of the cave at Samoun. There is also a Turkish divan, and in the middle of the room the writing table, the "galley" where he slaves. Among the piles of manuscripts is an inkwell shaped like a toad, and here stood the glassy-eyed parrot which used to ogle Flaubert, and which he had borrowed from the museum of the city of Rouen as a model for the parrot in the *Coeur Simple.* Here also are his two lamps. In August great moths tumble about them, and here, night after night, he sits beneath their glare and groans, a Cyclops in chains. He won't permit himself to rest, even when in the quietness of night the tulip and magnolia trees whisper and everything tempts one to forgetfulness.

He works like a madman. Often he is sterile,

drained. Quarter of an hour later, he is again carried away. His heart races, and tears run down his cheeks, which he has to wipe away with a handkerchief. He declaims the speeches of his characters. If a phrase that should have been sonorous disappoints him, he bellows with rage. Often he needs hours to compose a single sentence, and then, suddenly, he is seized with the conviction that all his sentences are tending toward a cheap lyricism.

He calls himself the last of the church fathers, the Father Cruchard of the Barnabites. He is deeply discouraged and has adopted his monastic rôle as a preventive, since he fears that his epilepsy may recur at any time and he is anxious to conceal the malady. He also refers to himself often as an old Bedouin sheik. Although there is a good deal of melancholy spleen in this remark, it reveals his devotion to the Orient. His adoration for it is strengthened, if anything, by his recollections of the noisy tempestuous Bedouin life with its garish color.

For it appears that this provincial, who hates the middle class characteristics that he tortures himself to describe, has the operatic soul of a romantic. He hated "that jade of a Bovary," and the only thing he knew about her to begin with was that she moved in a world that was the same dirty

grey as the world of a cockroach. Eventually, however, he became so infected with her that he had to tear the windows wide open when he wanted to describe her hysteria, to keep from having a nervous attack. And his tongue tasted the arsenic, with which she poisoned herself, so distinctly that he vomited. He hated the *Sentimental Education,* whose material ran counter to his grain. And today he hates those kobolds, *Bouvard and Pécuchet,* that encyclopedia of stupidity, in which he attempted to vent his contempt, to purify himself. Cursing them both, he rages: "Their stupidity has become my stupidity, and if I don't look out, I'll blow up with it and burst." Then he sits down to read fifteen hundred books by way of collecting material. The tyranny of his work is absolute over this broad-shouldered hermit with the red face and drooping mustaches, who dashes about his room in a brown dressing-gown,—this arch enemy of the double genitive, who nevertheless wrote in *Madame Bovary,* "Une couronne de fleurs d'oranger."

His clumsy emotions have, little by little, been sacrificed to an idea, and as a result he now suffers the loneliness characteristic of martyrdom. His early and infrequent adventures of the senses or of the platonically questing heart are by this time far-off reminiscences. The experiences of

the nineteen-year-old youth in a Marseilles hotel, where a fountain splashed in the court; his memories of the three women in Nanking, dressed in silken negligées and exotic boots, reclining on inlaid ebony furniture and attended by a negro boy; Madame Foucad's kisses, tears and letters: these are all he has. Unless one includes Louise Colet, the woman with the beautiful arms, the young man's muse at the age of twenty-five, who for eight years refused to give him up. He broke with her when he left for Egypt and Syria, and again in Croisset, when she tried to create a scandal in front of his house by insisting that Flaubert's mother receive her. She is dead. At the end of her career she was writing advertisements for corsets and perfumes.

And he also remembers the woman whom he adored madly without permitting himself to speak, whom he hoped to seduce, the perfume of whose skin made him dizzy, and whose glance left him as pale as though he had been the kind of very young man who saves wilted bouquets in a bureau drawer—Madame Schlesinger, wife of the music publisher, Maurice Schlesinger, whom he met in Trouville and who became the model for Marie Arnoux in the *Sentimental Education*.

Since that time, the "old troubadour" has had nothing but the helpful and comforting friendship

of George Sand, whom he calls his "Blessed Lady of Nohant." But she is dead, and so is his mother, the "pauvre vieille," and the best of his companions, Alfred le Poittevin, beside whose dead body he kept watch, his heart torn by furious emotions, and Louis Bouilhet, the poet, who ended sadly as city librarian in Rouen.

Almost the only intimates he has left are his niece, Caroline, his pupil, Maupassant, his colleagues in Paris, and his neighbor, Laporte. However, cross old Julie, who has been faithful to Monsieur Gustave since his youth, is still with him, and when the emptiness around him becomes too oppressive he calls her into the room. She is almost blind. His brother Achille, who had followed his father's career as a doctor, operates on her in the city hospital, and afterward she says admiringly to Flaubert, "I hear you are a great writer." When in February, 1880, he writes nothing for two days, she remarks that that is enough and sends him back to work.

He begins the year 1880 oppressed by the necessity of occupying himself with *Bouvard and Pécuchet,* but with the prospect of finishing it. In December he thinks that "this devilish novel" will be completed by the end of March or April and

that the second volume will only take another six months. On February fifteenth, he begins the last chapter and resigns himself to sticking it out until the middle of summer, although he still intends to get to Paris in May. On April eighteenth he fixes June as a time limit and thinks the second volume will be ready in October. "I will probably be occupied with it for the rest of this year."

He has saved himself from severe financial ruin by the narrowest margin. His niece Caroline inherited the house in Croisset from Flaubert's mother on the condition that Flaubert was to live there. Her husband, the wood dealer Comanville, lost everything in speculations which involved Flaubert's small middle-class income too. Uncertainty tortures him, so that in four months he succeeds in writing only fourteen pages. In October his financial difficulties make it necessary for him to ask Charpentier for a loan. He even quarrels with his friend Laporte. A pension of 3,000 francs, granted by Jules Ferry, the minister of education, saves him. Actually charity, it is disguised as an unofficial librarianship in the Mazarin library.

His health grows rapidly worse. Crises of the nerves become more frequent and he complains of the torture of lying awake until five o'clock in the morning. At New Year's he writes to his niece:

"May the year 1880 bring you luck and may I finish *Bouvard and Pécuchet*. For to tell the truth, I've reached my limit. On some days, today for example, I cry because I am so tired, and can hardly hold a pen. I ought to get a complete rest. But how, where, and with what funds?" Usually he is so exhausted that he has to go to bed at ten o'clock.

In March he sees the spring; primroses are in bud and the fragrance of a bunch of violets pervades his room. At Easter, which comes on March twenty-eighth, Zola, Daudet, Edmund de Goncourt, Charpentier, and the young Maupassant are his guests. With his great shaggy head resembling that of an amiable Newfoundland dog, he awaits their arrival, dressed in a soft, wide-brimmed Calabrian hat, rounded vest, and pleated trousers which serve admirably to accommodate his bulky frame. When they leave he stands leaning against the wooden fence of the station. It is a melancholy farewell.

On April twenty-seventh is the festival of Saint Polycarp, whom he has chosen as his patron saint because of his comical lament: "My God, my God, into what an awful century you allowed me to be born." On this day the Lapierre family gave a dinner for him with amusing decorations; he was touched and very gay. But he confesses to his

niece: "I haven't a moment to lose. And sometimes it seems to me as though I were melting like an old Camembert. I am as tired as that." And on May second: "It is just nine o'clock. Monsieur got up at half past seven. Monsieur no longer sleeps. I haven't a minute to lose. My next book will be a *Battle at Thermopylae.*"

This on a Sunday. On Saturday, May eighth, a day before his departure for Paris, he is bathing. The cook is to serve breakfast in his study. He calls her; it sounds as though he were choking. She runs to help him and he tells her to send for his physician, Dr. Fortin. Then he begs her not to leave him alone and says that everything looks yellow. His hands clutch a bottle of smelling salts convulsively. He stammers—disjointed words—the Paris address of Victor Hugo—and death overtakes him on the divan. Around his neck is a black line caused by a discharge of blood. It makes him look as though he had been strangled. On his white bed he resembles a Gallic warrior asleep. He had wanted to die in the Orient, in a house in Beirut. Now he is to be buried among the citizens of Rouen.

The hearse bounces along through the fields and hedges and over the hills of Canteleu. Clouds of dust cover the road. In the romantic church steeple of the village, four peasants toll bells for

the dead, while five others, in dirty choir robes, howl Latin hymns. It is still seven kilometres to the Memorial Cemetery of Rouen. The folk by the wayside stare at the procession. They have no idea who it is that's being buried with military honors—for Gustave Flaubert is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

When the coffin is lowered, the macabre drama which occurred at the grave of Flaubert's sister repeats itself. The grave was too narrow for her and a grave digger stepped on the coffin to force it down while Flaubert, screaming, hurled his hat onto the ground. The same thing happens to his coffin. The ropes crunch, the wood groans, the tilting coffin sticks in the ditch. It is too revolting for those who have loved Flaubert; no one stays. In the lavender light of the sunset the gentlemen from Paris, overheated and already laughing, lose themselves among the restaurants and the illegal back-alley resorts of the little provincial town.

Julie and Her Lovers

MADEMOISELLE DE LESPINASSE was the companion of her aunt, the malicious, nearly blind Madame de Dudeffand. She hadn't a trace of beauty and now pockmarks disfigured her skin; yet she was charming. It was said that she was the illegitimate child of the Marquis de Vichy and of the Comtesse Julie d'Albon, who had an estate of Espinasse somewhere or other. She had been born in Lyons at the home of the town's surgeon and her baptismal certificate had been falsified. She had been with Madame de Dudeffand as early as her tenth year. She lodged in a couple of low-ceiled rooms above Madame. Her friend was the little Alembert, the encyclopedist and mathematician, illegitimate son of la Tencin. He was an odd, comic little fellow, a hermaphrodite. But others too began to pass by the Dudeffand drawing room with its gigantic armchair, the "tun," and its Angora cats. They began to prefer the upper story, *chez* Lespinasse. So the old lady and the traitress parted company.

Julie rented a house in the rue Saint-Dominique. Patrons and patronesses helped her with endow-

ments. She arranged her place with skill, a little luxury for very little money. She received many guests from the world of affairs, she chatted with them, revealing a pleasing and adaptable cleverness. Alembert had stayed with her ever since he had got smallpox in his turn and she had nursed him faithfully. Her entourage included a chamber-maid, a waitress, a cook, a man-servant, and a parrot. She was now thirty-four.

She became acquainted with the twenty-two-year-old Marques José de Mora, whose wife had just died. His father was the Spanish ambassador in Paris—Count de Fuentès. She won the melancholy marquis through her mind and her enthusiastic tenderness. He was called to Madrid, but he came back to her twice. He forgot Mariquita Ladvenant, the actress, he even forgot the death of his little son. She lived in a happy daze. For physical reasons Alembert had not been able to be her lover. People weren't sure whether she had given herself to the Spaniard. Just before his third trip to Paris he was overtaken by a stroke. She trembled with anxiety. A second stroke warned him. He went to Bagnères in the Pyrenees. They bade each other a sorrowful adieu.

That was in August. But in June, when she was still greatly disturbed by her worry about

Mora, she met, at the home of Watelet the financier, in Moulin-Joli, an officer of ramrod build and bright of eye, a colonel, who had fought in Germany and in Corsica, Comte Hippolyte Guibert. From then on she was lost.

First, from May till October of the following year, Guibert made a circuit trip to the battlefields in Saxony, to Potsdam, where Frederick granted him an audience, to Vienna and Hungary, to the Prussians' autumn manœuvres in Breslau, and again to Vienna. During this time began the series of letters from Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, strangely heedless, strangely stirred. Torn between a love that was offering itself to her and remorse, sorrow at causing grief for José, who was suffering so. Fate had hardly hurried her into deciding to climb the former path when already her strength gave out. "I do nothing but love, I *can* do nothing but love," a whisper of defenceless humility. She told everything to him whose word now ruled her life, everything, the confused tangle of her impulsive thoughts. That she had no alternative, but to die. That only a madhouse or a convent could protect her from herself. That at night she wept bitter tears for Mora. That she had used two grams of opium

to get to sleep. Mora began to spit blood, fresh alarm. Colonel Guibert had a lover, Madame de Montsauge. And Julie inquired after her, with pretended indifference to her rival. She tortured herself. Despite her philosophy she was a dumb brute in her love, her heart was primitive in its directness. Everything began to seem poisonous to her. She got the ague, trembled now with fever and now with cold. She knew it would be impossible to bear if Mora should be carried off by his apoplexy. She too found blood in her spittle. Guibert told nothing about himself any more. Why? Five times he didn't write: "I do hate you."

Then he was in Paris. If she did without him one day she was on the rack. She met Madame de Montsauge at mass and would have liked to speak with her in order to form a judgment about her. She wanted to be very noble. She didn't succeed. To la Montsauge Guibert was chivalrously attentive. She felt her own fate was to be neglected. But in February Julie and Guibert heard "Orpheus" at the Opera. On the sofa behind their box he took her. At midnight she wrote him a card, "At every moment of my life, my darling, I shall suffer, I shall love thee, and I shall be awaiting thee. Julie."

She detested her emotion as if it were a curse.

For now this man who had possessed her as if she were a fille d'opéra seemed to her a monster, unbending and unfeeling. He was the guilty one, he had led her astray and now he failed to console her. Weeping led to hysteria. José died. Yes, he died, three months after her fall, in Bordeaux, with this message of greeting for her: "I wished to see thee once more, and now I find I must go. What a terrible fate. But thou hast loved me, and this lends even to this last hour a sweet delight. I die for thee." When the news came, post-haste, she would have poisoned herself if Guibert had not prevented her.

The irrevocable dragged her into a still madder rush, at still more frightful speed. She swung to a new extreme and back again. Now begging, passionately beseeching him to return her love. Either with him at her side, or she alone, without books, without a light, in deep silence. Now mistrustful, now stupefied, and now, as the face of Mora rose before her, struck with horror. She was delivered into the hands of the devils within her, she came to be like one possessed. Or now she thanked him for what he had granted her, assigned guilt only to herself.

He left Paris for a couple of months and

tried to hide it from her, for he travelled to Courcelles-le-Roi to visit the parents of Mademoiselle Louise Alexandrine Boutinon Des Hayes de Courcelles, whom he wished them to betroth to him, and then on to Madame de Montsauge at her estate La Bretèche. He wrote to Julie that he was weary of her love. She rebelled against this insulting vulgarity: "Ah, how well you have revenged the Marques de Mora." He asked her pardon. Already her anger at him had left her. He had a catarrh and she waited up for him till late at night with molasses tea and wanted to visit his bedside. He travelled to Rochambeau, to Chanteloup at Choiseul, and wrote to her from Fontneuve near Montauban: "Why do you increase your suffering by imagining that you hastened Mora's death? Death had lived in him for two years." The physician at Bordeaux had explained that to the Spanish consul there. "Weep, dear friend, but do not say that you now have no one who loves you."

It was no use. The sickness of her spirit that had been fever became delirium. Millico, the Italian, sang, and his tenor penetrated to her heart. She sobbed of Mora: "He had no suspicion in him until I gave him cause for it. After that his letters and his heart were filled with disquiet." She despised herself. Suicide? She was

not capable of it. She believed that now she had reached the final stopping-place, that she had been born again, that her memory was only for Mora. But then anxiety for Guibert came over her again. She locked herself up in the little room behind her opera box, where the sofa stood, and listened again and again to the soft lamentation of Orpheus for Eurydice. "Oh, if only for one single hour I could bring Mora to life again!"

She did not dare put aside her rôle altogether. She was invited by Turgot, the comptroller-general, along with the archbishop of Paris, Madame de Boufflers, l'abbé Morellet. Holding it under the table, she skimmed through Guibert's letter. All the *noblesse d'esprit* sat at her hearth. She would hear of a young girl ready for marriage. Her thought was instantly, would she do for *him?* Just so long as it wasn't a provincial he married. Nowadays she had to swallow hemlock-drops, the hemlock of Socrates, for a disorder of stomach, and she was often very weak. The theatre, "Tancred" with Lekain, she didn't find it interesting. But the last act of this play included scenes which she confused in her imagination with those of Mora's death in Bordeaux, and that night she lay unconscious, waking only to faint once more.

She fled into the realms of music, of the "Orpheus," which she desired as a martyr desires

the flames. She was enchanted to read in some lines from Guibert the words "our pain." Still alternate ice and fire. Her pulses began to clamor whenever the outer door opened. He was callous toward her again. Again he told her he had never loved her. She resigned herself and drew up a schedule for him. On every day of the week she would withdraw in favor of Madame de Montsauge, only Sunday evenings were to be hers. "That's something you excel at," she wrote, scolding him for egoistic impatience, "satisfying those whom you love, but most excellently her who loves you." In the same letter a heavy groan, "Alas, death rides so slowly." But ciphers and dots spoke bliss, yesterday he once more had brought joy to her body.

She dreamed of Guibert, a repulsive dream. And she dreamed of José. It was the anniversary of her fall: "O God, at this hour, one year ago, Mora sank back in death, and at the same moment, three hundred miles away, I was committing a more horrible sin than did the rude barbarians who slew him. Suffering is killing me." Her convulsions were no longer occasional. The noise of carriage-wheels approached in the rue Saint-Dominique. It was not he. "Be upright," she begged him, ten weeks before his marriage. Now he let her know the secret, he was to ex-

change lifelong vows with the Demoiselle de Courcelles. She stammered, "Pay no more attention to me. Leave me with my love, and with death."

Letters of Mora, delayed a year, were delivered to her: "Madrid, about to enter the stage coach which carries me to you," and "Bordeaux, just arrived, half dead." Mora's brother, Prince de Pignatelli, turned up at her house, and she trembled from head to foot, the voices were so like. Now Guibert's betrayal was made clear to her: "You have used me as a stop-gap while you broke off the relations which might stand in the way of your plan for marriage." Of what use was her intellect? She could not use it against this man whom she still loved despite everything. He had made her a present of a little ring before he went away. She pushed it onto her finger, the ring broke. After that she saw the Comtesse Guibert, spoke with her, talked with her about her husband, very politely, very nicely. Then a letter of the countess' fell into her hands, a letter of a young wife to her husband, whom she has loved for two years. Despite everything it seemed that Mademoiselle de Lespinasse would get well, once again,—physically.

But no, it was an exhausted existence made up

of pain after pain, a flickering of a candle that burned lower and lower. Nightly she was short of breath. She longed for the peace of the churchyard of Saint-Sulpice. But there had to be moments in which her approaching death would shake Guibert to his foundations. "Yes, yes, my friend, you have struck me to the heart. It's that blow that I shall die of." His marriage, for her it was destruction. Sometimes she found herself astonished that she was still alive.

The outside world moved around her like the figure of a magic lantern. She couldn't think of all the names that belonged to all the faces around her. She froze, she was bathed in sweat. She spit blood. She was supposed to move to the rue de Gramont, by the noisy boulevard. But what was a lease to her, already it seemed too far to move from the bed to the armchair. Ténon, the physician, said to her, "For the soul I have no opium." She accused herself: "My dreadful blunder," "my shameless willingness." She asked Guibert to visit her,—in cloak and knee-boots, so that he wouldn't catch cold. She wept in his presence, she could not control herself. Her last letter to him: "I am about to vanish. Adieu." "Am I still alive?" she asked, waked out of her agony by a stimulant for her heart. They were her last words.

Ivan Sergeiyevitch

IN his apartment on the fourth floor of rue de Douai 50, Turgenyev hears the voice of Madame Viardot below, on the stairway of her house. The passionate madness which once possessed him is gone, but at the sound of her voice there is again the old feeling that he is her bondservant and does not wish to escape. As though it were yesterday he remembers the first time he met her. He was calling at the house of the Demidovs in St. Petersburg with his friend, funny little Major Komarov. He was at that time a young man, the owner of an estate in the county of Mzensk. She was the daughter of the famous Manuel Garcia and her sister was the equally famous Malibran. He meets her with her husband, Viardot, the author and impresario, who is negligible beside her. She has the same bovine eyes, broad lips, and oval face as George Sand, to whom someone took her when Sand was grieving over Chopin's death, so that she —Pauline—could comfort the lonely woman with her singing. She is not beautiful, but her impassioned manner of acting beautifies her, the warm and moving vibrations of her voice and her radi-

ant vitality make her a fascinating woman. The ears are extremely small, the neck is perfect and the hands have nobility. Turgenyev's tyrannical old-style Russian mother, Barbara Petrovna, calls her a cursèd gypsy.

Having met her, he followed her to Moscow and Paris. She sang Desdemona, Rosina, Norma, Amina, Lucia, Lenora in *The Favorite,* Zerlina, Donna Anna, Iphigenia, Rachel, Valentine, Fides. Even when she was away in Berlin or Dresden on concert tours, Ivan Turgenyev stayed with her menagerie. It consisted of Mamma Garcia, Mamma Garcia's brother, Don Pablo Stitchès, Senora Stitchès and Senorita Antonia, a flock of parrots who all chattered at the same time in shrill Spanish. Lying on the shabby sofa of his apartment on the fourth floor, where the dusty curtains are torn and hang askew, he dreams of Courtavenel.

In Paris, before he met Pauline, he loved to sit on a bench in the Parc des Tuileries, steeping himself in dreamy inactivity, while the sun beat down on the chestnut trees, the statues, and the marble basins of fountains, and he watched the children and their nursemaids. But for a man with his phlegmatic Russian temperament, Courtavenel was the true paradise. Courtavenel, where he could be impatient only for the arrival of the

mail carrier. Where Véronique ruled the kitchen and a rat chase contributed the only uproar. Where the white rooster who always crowed at the door of the dining room would sit on Turgenyev's wrist and peck energetically at his gloves. Where there was whist, billiards, tea, and much time spent in sleeping. He remembers the dog, Sultan, and the whir of partridges starting from cover, the ditch where a rabbit was drowned and which had to be cleaned out because it was overgrown with reeds, the scent of alfalfa, the oily-metal gleam of the leaves on the trees in the garden, the thunderstorms, the swallows that circled the church tower at Rozay, the moonlight and the starlit sky.

When Pauline was singing Fides in London the whole household would stay up till midnight. He would glance through her collection of songs, that lay on the green piano-throw, and would try to write verses which she could use or listen to the tides of his blood and the night sounds: the whispering of twigs, the shrill cry of the cricket, the plop of fishes leaping out of the water, the splash of a single drop of water, the breaking of a limb. Or was that the sound of feet along the road?

He dreams of Courtavenel while the horse-drawn omnibuses filled with passengers rumble past in the rue de Douai and the street is gradu-

ally veiled in afternoon shadows. As a young nobleman he had had sweethearts in Russia. There was the girl at the mill who asked for perfumed soap when he was going to give her a present and who then demanded, half abashed, that he kiss her hand as if she were a lady in a St. Petersburg salon. There was his mother's serf, whom he had protected with the aid of his shotgun against the whips of the peasants and against the police chief, Ispravnik,—the chambermaid, Lusha. Or was her name Fetiska? In any case she had borne him a daughter, whom he called Aszya, and later Pauline, and whom he entrusted to the Viardots when he was in Paris, paying them for her maintenance. She had been married now for a long time to Monsieur Bruère, that rascal.

He had known the frenzies of a love which does not reach consummation. Had his youth not been dominated by the great Chinese eyes of Irina Z., whom he courted, whom he met again, after her marriage, at a ball. They left the crowd, and Irina, intoxicated by the occasion, kissed him, with icy lips, though to him it seemed that fire wrapped him from head to foot.

Was not love to him the eternal meaning of an otherwise momentary and meaningless existence? Madame Viardot ruled him and it was bliss to subject himself to her essentially masculine nature.

When at Baden-Baden she presented her operettas for the King of Prussia, Turgenyev, though almost fifty, put on gay masquerading costumes and played the rôles of the magician Krakamiche, the ogre, and Pasha Pignouf in *Too Many Women*. As he lay on the floor, a Turk among his hareem, his body would twitch. Something within him was pricked when the lips of the crown princess, the Englishwoman, betrayed the restrained disgust of a cold scorn. He even appeared, an awkward giant, before the aristocratic audiences, dressed as a servant in a red wig.

After la Viardot's retirement from the stage, he was a conspicuous satellite of her Paris matinées, ushering people to their seats and clapping longer than anyone else when she appeared in her trailing dress of black tulle and sang, in a hard soprano which no longer ranged beyond an octave, the aria of Lady Macbeth, the Erlkönig, or a Negro duet with Spanish words, in which she was accompanied by a tenor from the opera.

For her sake he suffered the melancholy of the jealous all through his manhood and even up to the threshold of old age. He worshipped her as an angel of goodness and yearned for her hand on his forehead. The fact that he was the father of the second of her daughters, Claudia, called Didie,—this was a carefully guarded secret. But

this secret united them. Over there on the writing table among the clutter of his papers is a photograph of Didie's exquisite graceful head. How much of his innate gift of tenderness he had lavished on her, how ardently he had admired her dancing at Baden-Baden, her turban, in which she looked a goddess, and her wry smile. Now she was living here in Paris as the wife of Monsieur Georges Chamerot, proprietor of a printing establishment. He takes the nose glasses from before his tired blue eyes and sighs deeply.

His rooms no longer vibrate with la Viardot's singing and the triumphant music that she evokes from the piano. Now there is the sound of footsteps climbing from floor to floor. Today as always he receives the Russians of the little Paris colony. The first is an emigrant who while in the United States had been a hairdresser and a day laborer for a spiritualistic farmer. Ivan Sergeiyevitch wants to make him a present of some of his shirts. He has already gotten him a job in an advertising agency, but there is always some fresh complication which has to be straightened out. Turgenyev's pride is so great and so naïve that he is defenseless against these people. He looks after them all, even though in some cases he is exploited by Bohemians, and even by thieves.

The last visitor is the publicist A. F. Koni, who has come to see his great fellow countryman. The door of the bedroom is open—the bed has not yet been made. It sometimes happens late in the afternoon that when Ivan Sergeiyevitch calls downstairs for someone to bring up tea, no one comes. At such times he has only a glass of water with a little piece of sugar in it to offer his guests. Wishing to accompany Koni, who is leaving, he slips on his old grey overcoat over the shabby velvet jacket. The top button is missing, the second one hangs by a thread.

Toward evening Madame Viardot drives from Paris out to Bougival, where Turgenyev has a spacious country-house, Les Frènes, near hers. When you ask the boys about the man with the white shock of hair, who seems to be a scholar, they say, "Ah, Monsieur Tourdenef!" And so today as usual he sets out at once and the train carries him along the Seine, which is packed with small steamers and rowboats, on his way to her.

For years he had had gout. It came only at intervals, but was worse each time. In February he dined with his French friends Zola and Daudet, and complained that he often had heart spasms at night. On the wall next to his bed was a large

brown spot and when feverish or still half-asleep he would think of it as Death. He could not work any more. "In many houses," he once told Flaubert, "there is a musky smell that one can't escape from. And there clings to me too such a smell of death, such an odor of negation and dissolution." Death overtook him as it overtakes the Russian traveller who is blinded by the fog and cannot see the approaching snowstorm. He admitted that he was tired and said that he would be glad to die. But then he rebelled against the treachery of Death, who creeps up insidiously like a thief, robbing one of soul, intelligence, and one's passion for beauty. Who is dissolution and untruth.

His angina pectoris grew worse and he became a prisoner in his room. The jolting of the train and even the motions of writing were finally too much for him. He referred to himself jokingly as "the great-grandfather of all the barnacles." He was extremely cheered when Pavlovsky told him that Professor Brouardel had announced in the course of his class-room lectures that the sickness from which he suffered was curable. It seemed after several months as though he might actually recover. But then he had to be operated on because in his abdomen they found a cyst, which he nicknamed Feoktistov after Russia's

chief censor. He told Daudet, "During the operation I remembered our dinner and groped for words in order to tell you later how one feels. It was like a knife cutting a banana."

Dying slowly, he remained all summer at Bougival. He felt the most intense homesickness for Russia and for Spasskoye, for the road lined with birches, emerald-green and white, for the yellowhammers, thrushes, and nightingales of his garden, for his shack in the woods, and for the yellow acacias. As fall came on he found himself longing for the fields sprinkled with dry peas which had burst from the pods, for the sound of the jays' chatter, and for the air of Spasskoye which is like wine. And once it seemed to him that Madame Viardot was singing Schubert's "The Phantom Double," the way she used to sing it in Baden-Baden. Then a deathly chill had run up and down his spine. Now he wept tears of delight at the remembrance.

He had once written a novel about snub-nosed Ilya Stepanytch Teglev, the under-lieutenant, somewhat queer and a fatalist, who lets a companion fool him with false ghost rappings, and who shoots himself at the edge of a little wood, because he has figured out in his worn note-book that the numbers of his birthdate, added up, are the same as Napoleon's and so the suicide which

he has planned must come on a date which will equal the date of Napoleon's death. He therefore adds up the numbers of the date on which Napoleon died, 5.5.1825 = 1835 = 17, and finds that the oracle decrees he should die on the 21.7.1834 = 1862 = 17. In much the same manner Ivan Sergeiyevitch, relying on the predictions of the superstitious Barbara Petrovna, assumed that because he was born in 1818 he would die in 1881.

He did die in 1883. During a crisis he cried that he was being murdered within the law; that la Viardot was a terrible woman, more terrible than Lady Macbeth. Later he repudiated his accusations, made while suffering intense pain. After being unconscious for two days he lost himself in "the blind, silent, grey, cold, stupid, greedy, and eternal night."

His circle of Parisian friends, bearded coarse-skinned Russians, and many Russian, German, and English ladies gathered for the funeral service. The coffin was taken through Berlin and Königsberg to St. Petersburg. Madame Viardot mourned his death and threw into the fire both his diary and his *Story of My Life*.

The Pavilion

AT eight o'clock he carried the lamp to the window of his pavilion in the garden. This was the signal he had agreed on with Charlotte, for times when they were both at home and he could not visit her. He pressed his brow against the pane, against glass frosted over on the outside, so that the heat from his oven covered the inside with running drops. The moon lit up the stream of the Ilm, the Wälscher Park, the platform high up on the Snail.

Who was with her now, over there in those cold and draughty rooms which he himself, as member of the building commission, had had fitted out for her—in the light tinted drawing-room, in those ex-harness-rooms to which there rose, sometimes, the smell of the horses' stable in the ground-story. What was she doing? He loved her madly, till love grew into pain, for it was in vain that he stretched out his arms to her,—as to a madonna who ascends to heaven, vanishing into a blaze of glory. He loved her as his Werther had loved, gloomy and, despite her gentle guidance, weakly uncertain. What was it that urged this man in

his twenty-ninth year toward her, who was thirty-six and already wilting a trifle, who had grown steadily sicklier as she bore child after child and who frequented the cure at Pyrmont? She was not known as a beauty, and she had her husband, the good and quite limited Josiah, absorbed in the prince's dinners, in the royal stud, and in his own estate at Kochberg.

He had found her just as he was freeing himself from Lili's blossoming charm. Zimmerman, the doctor, had showed him Charlotte's silhouette, in Strasbourg. He had said, "It would be a wonderful show to see how the world is reflected in such a soul." And him the physician had portrayed to her (who read *Werther* assiduously) as a magically dangerous man, one who was both a great genius and a fearful fellow.

Had it arisen from this platonic match-making, from these expectations, that they were each a joy to the other now, that they had confessed to each other that they suffered when they didn't see each other for a whole day. She scolded him when he kept on snapping the whip in his rage. She had refused to allow him to address her as "thou" (but since then she had rarely objected) and he had run to the door, in a savage mood. She had handed down a decision, that he was a flirt, and had no manners and no respect for

women, that he used low, vulgar expressions. After all she was a court lady, daughter of old Schardt, who pulled together his yellow scalp at the top and tied it there, so that no wrinkles should show below his wig, and daughter of the pious, bible-reading baroness, who never threw away a nightgown till it was worn out. But he knew that his friendship meant a new life for Charlotte, who had been resigned to dying.

Here in his house he had felt her nearness around him, had felt it for two summers, and now the second winter had come. At that time, a year ago last May it was, he had had them put this little house into shape, had the masons work till dark. The birds sang, he drew a design for a little grassy mound that she was to sit on, he heard the ticking of his watch, he heard the wind and the weir, he thought of her. Thinking of her he stayed out all night on the terrace, wrapped in his blue cloak, among lightning and thunder and rains. She had coffee at his house, she ate some of the asparagus that he had cut and had washed at his draw-well. And since Josiah ate at the castle in the evening, he spent long hours with her at her house, whenever he visited her. He crept rather than walked when she was in Pyrmont or in Kochberg. Wherever he journeyed, everywhere he fancied himself as if transported back

to her: in Ettersburg and Ilmenau, where they had left signs of their visit, at the Wartburg, in Wintergrün and among the clouds of snow in the uplands of the Harz, which he had explored four weeks before. Love, long gazing, ghostly fragrance.

And still always he found himself disturbed. Charlotte accused herself, amid tears she heaped reproaches on herself. She said he was her saint, and forced him into resignation. Should he go on deceiving himself and annoying her? Would he never get anything from her but this friendship which at times was exalted but at others lukewarm. Yet wasn't this an ungratitude toward Fortune, which bit by bit gave him everything, as one bestows gifts on a child one after another?

He had to go to her. He threw his cloak about him. He hurried over the little wooden bridge, over the crackling rush of water, he was before her house. He went up the steps, and was walking over the tiles of the corridor, into her room. But there were people, talking in the country dialect, she was not alone. No one had seen him, he went down the steps,—wandered, ill-humored, vehement, in any direction through the dark streets,—and back again to her house. There he saw that her windows were no longer lit up. She might have gone away, even though it was late,

perhaps to make a family call. But where would he find her? He invoked invisible, supernatural beings,—a fool who believed in miracles. On the esplanade he turned back. Then, in a side street near the palace, he ran into a woman's figure that was like her's, slender, small. Did he see amiss? Their arms touched. It was she. "At last!" he said, freed from his oppressing sorrow. "You wicked person, why didn't you come?" she asked. "I longed for you so." She explained, she had had some women friends there who took forever to say good-by. Then, when she was free of them, she had taken up her hat and furs. Something or other had decided her to go out again into the clear winter night, some divination that he wanted her too. Their hands did not leave each other. He accompanied her to her door next to the stalls in which hussars' mounts stamped their feet, and into her room. He stayed till midnight.

The next morning his servants discovered the body of Fräulein Christel von Lassberg by the floating bridge. In the pocket of her dress, that had frozen fast to her tender limbs, there were a book, *Werther*, and a letter. She had drowned herself because of her Swedish fiancé, Herr von Wrangel. Her face was torn by the rocks against which the body had struck. It was sheltered in

Charlotte's house, who gave what orders were necessary, her nerves all of a tremble.

The violets in the garden pierced the loose layer of snow, for March had begun. Only a few more months and his stay in Weimar would be fourteen years. At the end of June he had come back from Rome, from Italy. Palaces, ruins, triumphal arches and columns, amphitheatres and temples, these timeless remnants now formed the world of his memory. He had dreamed of them like one who is imprisoned in a tower at the edge of the sea and sees the white sails sink into the horizon beyond the harbor. Now all that was part of him. And he would have fled for the third time from the grey of the North if it hadn't been for that cheerful barbaric creature sunning herself out there before the trellis—Christianë.

He looked over at Charlotte's house, at her pigeons which still swarmed and fluttered about there. He had wanted to avoid the breach with Charlotte. And though he was estranged from her he guessed what burdens she had to bear. She was now forty-seven, aging fast, there was no getting around it.

Eight years ago, here, under this roof, she had given herself to him, since their halfwayness had

grown to be a torment to her. It was then that he, the sinner, ceased to see in her the brazen serpent. It was then that he had fallen at her feet and begged her to bring his novitiate to a close, to increase her power over him, had exclaimed in joy that this was the loveliest spring that they had shared, had done her happy reverence as "my newest." He, who before that had hidden in the bushes along the street to see her carriage roll by in a cloud of dust, he who had lamented to her that his soul was a pinwheel that had been set on fire and would not burn out, a pandemonium —he now greeted the red light of Mars at the same window from which he had watched it with her on that night, and wrote to her, "I suppose we are married." He revealed to her his desire, and that he had wept bitterly for fear that she might be taken from him. He moved into his city home on the Frauenplatz, and like Melusina he circled about the place in which he had sojourned, that was now so quiet, about the bench, wet with dew, that stood in the autumn-saddened garden.

But it was only his own intoxication that had fevered Charlotte, the sober, frigid one, and now he was torn from her by the more powerful law of Change. He had deserted Karlsbad without leaving word and had been at pains to spare her feelings. A brief note to him at Rome had de-

manded her letters, which lay under his seal in the state archives. He had begged her to forgive him: "I was in the midst of a life and death struggle and no tongue can utter what took place within me. This downfall has brought me back to my senses. My love, my love!" He had not hidden from her what the thing was that had disturbed and consumed him,—together with the other stirrings of the senses that had drawn him away from her, to Maddalena and Faustina,—and that thing was the thought that she was not his wife.

He had returned to Weimar. They had met again. They were uncomfortable and uncertain. Her spirit was hard, in her dealing with him. Now he wished for nothing but the primitive love of that girl of Weimar there, who was so like Faustina and whose warm laughter made him young again, him, who was forty.

Christianë, brown of skin, the waves of her unbraided dark hair cut off at the neck, ran into the arbor, which was still without leaves. She was to be hidden away from the gossip of the little town. But Fritz, Charlotte's youngest son, no longer the Greek boy whom Klauer had modelled naked, but a seventeen-year-old esquire of the court with a prosaic and egoistical face,—Fritz now opened the gate through the garden-fence.

He perceived Christianë. Swift and arrogant he strode up the steps toward his Mentor.

The Privy Councillor received Frau von Stein and her niece, the Fräulein Amalië von Imhoff, in his garden pavilion. The councillor was fifty, ruddy with health, holding himself stiffly. "Terribly thickset," the Duchess Louisa had pronounced him. Frau von Stein, her face sharp and rather tired above her black and white lace frill, judged his girth. It still seemed to her that he had changed about the face just as he had in his spirit. They met oftener nowadays, mostly through Schiller, through Fritz, or through the little son of the impossible Ma'm'selle Vulpius, whose birthday felicitations for Frau von Stein had taken the shape of a marchpane cake. It had not escaped her notice, that time when he avoided conversation with her by putting out on the table the Victoria that had been sent him from Dresden and by discussing art as he ate and drank, a glass of wine in one hand, the little figure in the other. It was indifferent to her if he was bored. She had (or at least so she explained) no more respect for what he created. And doubtless he knew through Schiller of her intellectual prose

tragedy, "Dido," in which he was Ogon, the unreal friend of Elissa.

She observed him more closely than usual, for she was convinced that he was fond of breaking the conventions when there was a pretty woman near him. He would grow positively bacchanal. Hadn't he said to Emily Gore, the English friend of the duke, last year, after imbibing sweet wine at the court table: "Ma chère, seule, unique amie?" Perhaps Amalië, her niece, would please him. She had talent, grace, and a call to adventure that she had inherited from her father, that Baron Imhoff who was dead now and who had played the Indian nabob in Weimar and was involved in Warren Hastings' difficulties. Already it had been rumored in the town that the councillor would shake off Ma'm'selle Vulpius in order to marry Amalië. But then it turned out to be Frau von Berlepsch again.

Fräulein von Imhoff, very thin, very ethereal, painted and wrote poetry. Today she was to read something of hers to the councillor, as she had in Jena. She read in the middle room, and Charlotte's tired heart stood still. She read a lyric from her idyll "The Sisters of Lesbos." The councillor praised the ringing verses, which he called hexameters. Amalië showed surprise—What were *they?* And he laughed, this child

wrote the way a rose-bush bears roses. But Charlotte saw the unsteadiness, the change in his expression, and, when he grew silent, a bitter apathy legible in his features. At that moment she, the matron, tart and acidulous, loved him as boundlessly as ever.

He inquired after Fritz, who was the Prussian army commissioner at Breslau. She wanted to invite him to one of her teas, for the stable had been done away with and the façade of that ground-story was beautified by orange trees. He stares into Charlotte's eyes that are framed in crêpe. And with Amalië she goes back, past the crossways near the Ilm, about which he, the Roman, the Greek, had asked, to her annoyance, whether that could be called a landscape at all—back to her widow's house.

Death of Goethe

ON a March evening he shuffles for the last time through the overheated reception and drawing rooms—the one containing the portrait of a duke of Urbino, the one with the copy of the Aldobrandinian Wedding and the grand piano, and the one with the colossal head of Juno by Ludovisi. For decades this has been his world. After dinner he inspected some of Werner's paintings with Meyer and with Bettina's son, who are his guests. There is a picture of a church caught in a storm,—a church in the Tyrol to which pilgrimages are made,—the bridge-tower at Prague, and other studies. Werner is the grandson of his protegée, the actress Neumann, the lovely *Euphrosynë* of his elegy, who died of tuberculosis in the flush of her glorious youth.

He is ill-humored. The Grand Duchess, Maria Paulova, who is hard of hearing, insisted on taking him out for a drive in spite of the raw wind and he has apparently caught cold. His rough skin, his toothlessness, his hunched-over shoulders and thin Roman nose suddenly look senile. The beautiful brown eyes still have a spark of the daemon

and of the Apollo, but as is usual with old people the pupils have hardened, and they are surrounded with wrinkles. The whites of the eyes are dark yellow, and the eyes themselves, like those of a bird, have greyish circles around them.

Twisting his handkerchief in his hands as usual, he wanders over to the window and mutters indistinctly at the window panes. His German is a blend of the accents of Frankfurt, Thuringia, and Saxony, but the Frankfurt accent, which is his native tongue, still predominates. This muttering is not unusual. He calls himself old Merlin, and his house on the Frauenplan, a badgerhole. At meals he is often alone. During the winter he indulges in curious habits which only disappear as the days become lighter. He is already a myth. Even to himself.

Today he retires early. He walks through the cold halls to his simply furnished study, where he has left a plate with soil specimens, and from there to his narrow bedroom. The servant, Friederich Krausë, is dismissed after he has delivered up the household account book. Bundled up in his night shirt and a dressing gown he winds his watch with the rumbling "Mh-h-h" of an old man, feels under his pillow for the woodshed key, and sets the iron candlestick on the table next to the bottle of Carlsbad water. But he cannot sleep.

Several hours later Ottilië arrives from the mansard house. She seats herself beside him in the green armchair presented by the wife of Egloffstein, the Lord High Chamberlain, and embroiders.

He calls her the Satin Rabbit. Her face is badly disfigured by a scar received when riding horseback. He is very restless and sometimes starts convulsively. At such moments he remembers too acutely his son, August, buried in Rome at the foot of the pyramid erected for Cestius. He is aware that Ottilië does not share his grief for her husband. Or he thinks of the girlish Levetzov, whom he, "Father," was not allowed to have, of the piano playing of Szymanovska, at whose departure he sobbed bitterly, of Christianë's agony, and of other things so remote that by this time they are obscure and insubstantial. Becoming less restive, he concentrates with shadowy amusement on Ottilië, who inquires every so often about his wishes, and who, he has no doubt, is really brooding in her bemused way over some new and romantic Englishman whom she has discovered. He has already warned her, however, that if she marries again he will have nothing more to do with her.

The next morning, somewhat earlier than usual, Councillor Vogel makes his appearance. The doc-

tor knows what symptoms to expect when his patient is over-excited, and this time too he finds that the trouble lies in the chest. His patient has already been dangerously ill a number of times. Nine years ago he was attacked by a severe chill and lay on his bed crying, "This pain is too great. I shan't survive it. I'm going to die." Feverish, and for the most part unconscious, he engaged in wild phantasies. He said to his son, "I can feel Death in every corner." They were all waiting in Ottilië's room for the news that he had died. But he survived, and fell ill again nine months later. That time he sat in his armchair for two weeks, coughing. He succumbed seven years ago, at the time the theatre burned, and also two years ago, when news of his son's death reached him. He said nothing about his son's death until after he had had a frightful hemorrhage. Later he found a drawing of August in Preller's Roman sketch book. He tore it out and kept it without asking Preller's permission. A relapse followed his discovery of the picture.

Councillor Vogel is able to supply his patient with drugs which relieve him a little, and in the afternoon, dressed in his favorite white dressing gown in which as he says he resembles a big white sheep, he talks with Riemer about philology. The next day he feels pretty well. His hoarseness and

cough have improved and his continual sighing has stopped. He tells Rohr, head chaplain to His Highness the Prince, that he has found out about Börne's attacks, which everyone has tried to conceal from him. He thinks that these attacks are a good prelude to his funeral oration. "Never mind," he says, "*you*'ll preach me a different one." That evening he has a slight fever. During the next two days he is no worse and amuses himself by reading a French magazine, glancing at etchings and joking about the Berlin cholera medal. He also inquires about the details of a number of small legacies. On Monday night, he has pain and chills and breathes with difficulty.

On Tuesday he is seized by an overwhelming and terrible fear of death which is scarcely human. Getting out of bed, he sinks into the armchair, from which he refuses to stir. He groans aloud and screams. His face is distorted and ashy grey, the eyes are sunken and livid. Sweat pours from his body. He is tortured by thirst. Vogel has some difficulty in calming him. On Wednesday afternoon this fear yields to a feeling of hopelessness. The rattling of the breath becomes stertorous. There are moments of unconsciousness, a symptom showing that the lungs are becoming paralysed. He sits in his armchair wearing his

dressing gown, felt slippers, and a green eyeshade. The head is inclined to the left.

Occasionally he answers questions directed to him and he appears to be pleased with what he is thinking. Madame de Vandreuil, the French ambassador's wife, sends him a crayon portrait of herself and he succeeds in complimenting her on its execution. He mentions the peace treaty of Basel to Ottilië and insists that Walter and Wolfgang, her sons, who are great favorites of his, be taken to the theatre. But his limbs are growing icier and the pulse is hardly discernible.

That night he asks his servant, Friederich, to cut the pages of a book presented to him by Maria Paulovna. It is Salvandy's *Sixteen Months, or The Revolution.* With a light on either side of him he tries to read, and cannot. He raises the volume in his hands: "Very well, we'll worship the book as a mandarin would." At eleven he requests John, his copyist, and Friederich to stay with him. Friederich is to sleep on the bed so that he can reach him with his hand. He sends his daughter-in-law and her children, who have come to sit with him, off to bed.

For several minutes at a time he is able to sleep. The rhythm of his Song of the Fates resounds in his ears. The verses he can no longer remember clearly. And now he hears the thundering sweep

of the *Divan*: "To each his sword, sword bound about him, leaps from the scabbard, dazzling and darting."

The rhythms falter and cease. And now his spirit is again busy weaving verses and fragments of verses which are not finished and which will never be finished. "With never a petal left when the fruit must ripen; the threads, they're birthwort. . . ."

Appalled at the twilight which encroaches on his mind, he rears up to give battle. He had said *Faust* was finished. But it still lacks Manto's speech to Proserpine, and the plea which Proserpine, moved to tears, is to make for Helena's freedom, a plea which is to contain the names of the three stern judges, and of Protesilaos, Alcestis, and Eurydicë. Tossing in his armchair, he sees the gigantic fabrications of his mind swept away and lost in Lethë's waves.

At six o'clock he gets up out of the armchair, goes to his study, and returns, exhausted, to the bedroom. In his study he finds Ottilië, who is very sleepy and whose eyes are swollen with weeping,—the grandchildren, Walter, Wolfgang, and Alma, who is very small and exceedingly shy,—Ullë, Ottilië's flat-chested sister Ulrikë von Pogwisch, who had been an accepted member of the household until she quarreled with his son,—

Chancellor von Müller, Vogel, and Secretary Krüater. The prince's tutor Soret, Coudray, director of public works, and one of the parasites on genius, Eckermann, the long-haired idealist,—they arrive somewhat later.

At seven o'clock he asks Ottilië to fetch his portfolio. He wants to test some observations he has made in experimenting with color. He also wants to do some figuring. At nine, sitting erect, he drinks water with wine, allowing John and Friederich to help him. Inquiring as to the date, he learns it is March twenty-second and remarks that in that case spring has already begun. The bedroom is very dark; draperies of green wool and heavy blinds cut off the light. At his request the curtains are shoved aside and later the blinds in the study are thrown back.

He asks the servant to bring his dictionary and inquires whether he hasn't stolen some manuscripts. He has waking dreams and hallucinations. "Look at that brilliantly colored and beautiful woman's head with the black curls, standing out against the dark background," he stammers. He says, "Give me that portfolio with the drawings." The servant assures him that it is not a portfolio but only the copy of Salvandy's book. It is impossible to say whether these hallucinations are some of those subjective color experi-

ences which he includes in his theories about color or whether he is seeing ghosts as he did in the arbor. According to his story he found an old woman and a young girl in the arbor of his garden. The old woman said to him, "We're allowed to live here provided we're gone by the crack of dawn. We have been here for twenty-five years. But now she has fainted and I can't get away." Then both phantoms vanished.

He eats a few bites of fowl and spits them out. "My dear little daughter," he says to Ottilië, "sit here next to me and give me your paw." Under the green eyeshade the eyes are half open. But that sun no longer shines which he once saw descending majestically behind the Ettersberg in the cool of evening, and which he felt was related to him because it too followed serenely an orbit of its own, to which the world was incidental. With his fingers he traces a series of letters, the hand travelling three times across a non-existent page. Finally he bores down with his finger into the coverlet that lies across his legs. But the only thing that can be distinguished is a W.

The hands are blue. Coudray takes the eyeshade away. The eyes are glassy and can no longer see, for amaurosis has set in along with the weakening of the heart. Music from a neighbor's house penetrates the room. Someone is dis-

patched to ask that the noise be stopped. At half past eleven the body is stirred by a shudder. The shudder is death. Asleep, like Odysseus landing at Ithaca, he arrives on the shores of the dead.

A few hours later the features change. He resembles all the characters of his poems, even Mephisto. He lies in his coffin arrayed in white satin and a laurel wreath, while candle light and gold stars shine above him.

The funeral is conducted with all possible pomp. But everyone in the little town is inclined to regard a funeral as a holiday occasion. At the cemetery bakers' apprentices sell pretzels and ring their bells and there is a general atmosphere of disorder and frivolity.

Ottilië immediately rents part of the house to strangers. In May she meets one of her English friends, Charles Sterling, in Mainz, and a year later gives birth to a little girl, who dies in infancy.

The Homely One

ADELE is the daughter of the Frau Schopenhauer whose husband was court councillor and who has lived in Weimar since 1806. Fräulein Adelë Schopenhauer is nine years younger than Dr. Arthur Schopenhauer. Has she her mother's head, that masculine head, from which her brother's seems to have been copied, up to the forehead? She is even more tartar-looking, even more ugly. She is so touchy about this that there is hardly a picture of her except as a child. But her gaze is serious and true and full of a great sensitiveness. She is very wise, so wise that it estranges people. "She's a goose," announces Feuerbach, the criminologist, put out of countenance by so much intelligence in the sister of the philosopher.

The relation that draws her to Arthur is not only one of blood but also an affinity of their spirits. She is moved by the remark of the handsome Meier, a bon-vivant, who says to her in the Mannheim Theatre, "You could lose everything, every friend,—you would have your brother."

But there are his angering letters, his quarrel with Frau Schopenhauer after the failure of A. L. Muhl and Company. And although her connection with him isn't broken, yet the results of his obstinacy can't be mended.

Frau Schopenhauer, who is a writer, has a lodger, Commissioner Gerstenbergk, whom Arthur as well as Adelë call "Guignon." There are finally dreadful scenes, their harsh-spoken Mama against her philandering "cicisbeo" of a lodger. Adelë is panic-stricken. She suspects that she is supposed to marry the man. Gradually she sacrifices to her mother all her treasures—her piano, her separate room, "in which I can weep and rage and shout with joy," her mornings. Mama has ugly moods and sighs for her vanishing social position. Adelë recognizes that her mother is "robbing me of precious years." She learns to cloak her true self, "to assume an interest I no longer have."

She keeps a diary, and if she isn't using the scissors to cut out silhouettes whose fairy delicacy takes one's breath away, then she is writing poetry. She takes refuge in enthusiasms of a sort classed as hysterical, she wavers between hope and resignation. The first enthusiasm that Weimar offers her is for actors. She worships the Wolffs,

Pius Alexander and Amalië Wolff. But they go to Berlin. He writes from there to Gerstenbergk, but to her sorrow there is no note enclosed for her. "Of course he had to discuss his literary work with Gerstenbergk, else he would have written me." The marriage of the two actors is close to the rocks, for Wolff develops a fondness for Fräulein Stich. Adelë sits next to him again and can do nothing but hang on the beautiful eyes of her fickle hero. Then she rings the Wolffs' bell in Berlin. But he is not as he used to be: "Oh, what suffering I underwent!"

She is so in the habit of losing out that when more serious complexities assail her heart she almost always gives her love to someone preempted by her friend Ottilië, August von Goethe's wife, whose quest for men is never done. Ottilië's father-in-law is very friendly to Demoiselle Schopenhauer. She is capable of understanding his writings. And this great man is so holy in her eyes that she notes in her diary, sorrowfully, among a week's record of disillusion: "Recently I have been made to suffer—Goethe came from Berka. A few glasses of punch and the spring air robbed him of his senses. I saw him in a terrible condition. I can never forget it." That is her fate: the collapse of illusions about her, meeting realities which cause her to shudder. These

lonely thoughts of hers—"they are shapeless blackness gripping me."

The experience that is to echo down her life for so long a time comes at the time of the struggle between the European powers in the battle of Leipzig. In the park in Weimar Ottilië and she find a wounded lieutenant of militia who is trying to hide from French dragoons—Ferdinand Heinke, a city employee of Breslau. They nurse him back to health. Her phantasy paints him as one of Lützow's guerilla cavalrymen, as a Theodor Körner.

He is engaged in Breslau. After the peace he is married and becomes a father. His marriage is not happy. To Adelë he is a shining Hesperus in a sky that she sees with the poet's eyes of a Jean-Paul Richter. He is "the chord that accompanies" her being. But does he belong to her? Though it is only in her timid imagining that he has the rôle of lover she quarrels for his possession with her friend, who is busy with other love affairs. "Otillië didn't spare me sufficiently, the pain once more became too disturbing, till I felt as if a thick black mist smothered my senses. I broke through by main force, and spoke, saying more, much more than I had supposed I would say

in my whole life. I laid bare the whole course, the purpose, the plan of my life. I told her how I was exerting myself, with all my power, to keep in step with him, so that some day we could take life up again, together, if we have to part now. As I spoke I grew freer and more proud. But Ottilië, the next morning, was pale as a corpse."

Ferdinand is in Berlin. With Adelë's longing for him there is mixed a feeling that his presence would kill her. He is now an official of the city of Breslau and becomes the head of the commercial theatre there. "A good, weak man," Löwe the actor said of him.

She excuses him: "Heinke is no longer what he was. Life oppresses him, he can't bear it." He writes to Ottilië about some quite idle matter and mentions Adelë's unusual education. "It follows" —she comprehends that now—"that he has never understood my love, though he must have guessed it, seen it." She will probably hear finally that he has become a religious devotee and a political reactionary. And yet it was of him that she made her plaint, from which she could not cease for years: "Torn in early youth from the only man whom I loved with a passionate love which knew no *buts* and *ifs*."

He isn't absolutely the only one, for again and again she strays. Even Otillië's extravagant ways

move Adelë so that often her suggestible nature is enough to set her romantic heart aflame out of sympathy. There is a Vincenti, a Könneritz. And there are the brothers Nicolovius, grandnephews of Goethe: Alfred, Franz, Heinrich, who are all in love with Ottilië, their aunt. Especially Heinrich, the lawyer, who fascinates Adelë by "his youth that borders on childhood," though many people find him boring and limited. Once, when saying good-by, it seems as if he wants to kiss her. But at Ottilië's house he goes to visit and stays far into the night. Adelë objects to this, she finds it improper. The case seems to her like the affair of Ferdinand "in miniature."

Her poverty moves her to grievous weeping. Then again she displays a forced coolness. Ottilië, who is past saving, gets involved with Sterling, the Englishman. Heinrich Nicolovius addresses an overbearing letter to Sterling and Heinrich and Adelë fall out over it. For this time too Adelë is following her friend's lead. She and Byron's countryman read Italian verses, she studies his "heavenly" face, the music of the poetry encircles the two of them "like a golden net." She is his confidante. Is it only as a friend of Ottilië? A dilemma of startling simplicity. She gives up her mad, lovely dream: "The best, the

most beautiful in me is too national—only a German can love me."

The "German" is the chemist Gottfried Osann, a childhood friend who is now a tutor in Dorpat. "The thought sprang up in Ottilië's soul—that Gottfried loved me. I was frightened, and yet a dawn of happiness began to spread its light over my spirit." He is to be free, though she is to be bound to him. She will have grown old before he has got a teaching position in a German university. "To put off a union till later years, that is folly." He comes to Weimar to visit his mother and to visit her, whom people are already congratulating on her engagement. But when they are together they are very uncertain. After three years: "We'll agree that it's off." The chill of death pours over her as he speaks. She has advised him to marry a young girl who is at the beginning of life. He says, he will never marry. He leans his head on her shoulder, his cheek against hers. "A moment, and it was over." And he gets up and praises her piano.

Meanwhile there has begun the last dream: Louis Stromeyer, a young surgeon, who has a sentimental friendship with a little cousin of Adelë's, "a musical genius." Stromeyer and the boy (he is named Eduard Gnuschke) are allowed to enter Goethe's house so that he can play for

the old man. In the fall they set out from Wiesbaden to journey toward the Rhine. She is on a donkey, the students are afoot. "But alas, his handsome features remind me of Sterling."

In April, in Weimar, God grants to her what he gives to his favorites, what she has often prayed for. "I thank thee. I was loved. It was only a fortnight, but I have lived greatly, have survived great happenings." It seems that Louis Stromeyer suddenly stammered that she had penetrated his whole being, that she was his angel. He trembles, a vein on his forehead flickers visibly. She is perplexed by his deathly pale countenance, "by the way life seemed to ebb from him," the twitching at his mouth, around his eyes. She is frightened by "passion in men," she has "no shield against it." She adjures him to be calmer, and she wishes to believe him, even if he is playing the comedian (for he is proud of his gifts in that direction), if he is fooling her. He bows before her, as if she were a saint, her face draws close to his. Sometimes she feels as if she were young and beautiful, "for his burning love swept me along." Then she doubts, astonishment overcomes her. She calls him her son. He confesses to her a liaison with a widow, an unclean affair, that was a poison in his soul. Adelë is alone with him, in Wiesbaden, on the isle of flowers. There

he asks her whether he ought to choose a certain cousin as his wife. "An eagle lies bleeding and dying on a cliff. He died. He was a kingly eagle." But she wants to behave toward Louis as if she were not a woman but really angelic. His mother, his sisters, are in favor of his marrying Adelë. She sets him free, for he has "a second man hidden in his breast." When he has set up as a physician in Hanover he marries the daughter of a mayor of Hamburg. Adelë writes to Ottilië that she despises him. He is the most ignoble of them all.

"Look at the stars," her heart consoles her, in the face of this last grief, "look at the trees and the mountains, and be silent, silent, at last." Now, at twenty-eight—"Merciful death, hasten!" The world and people are far away. She leaves Weimar, goes to Frankfurt to stay with the Willemers, to Rödelheim and Godesberg, to Cologne. The friendship of Sybillë Mertens (née Schaaffhausen) is her appeasement. Adelë has heart-trouble, Sybillë watches at her side, her head on the bedspread. Adelë, since the death of her mother, is almost penniless. In Jena a physician tells her that she has an abdominal disease. She should spend about two years in Italy.

Back from Florence she drags herself, to the

homeland. She submits and agrees to live in Bonn with Sibyllë and let her support her. She sees her brother, after nineteen years, in Frankfurt. She undertakes one more journey to Berlin, Weimar, and Jena, wastes away to a skeleton, and dies after a long invalidity in August 1849.

On an elevation in her garden Sybillë burns Adelë's false hair, her toilet articles, the roses that stood by her deathbed. She quenches the ashes with wine of which she has drunk. A letter from Adelë to Arthur thanks him for all his friendliness and asks him to agree that Sybillë shall receive a small library of women's books, four portraits in oil, miniatures, some valueless ornaments, and certain pieces of furniture and copper engravings from what their mother had left. What remains of the family silver Frau Mertens will assuredly deliver to him.

Hotel d'Alsace

IN March Mr. Sebastian Melmoth again engages two rooms at the Hotel d'Alsace. It's called two rooms because next to the narrow living room, with imitation mahogany, a gilded French clock above the fireplace, and dirty wall paper which was once quince yellow,—next to it is a small chamber where he sleeps. The rent is half what he used to pay when he was stopping at the Hotel de Nice which lies on the same miserable street of the Latin Quarter, the rue des Beaux-Arts.

Only breakfast is served and Mr. Melmoth usually dines out in some restaurant where the dinner costs two or three francs. That is, unless Bosie—Lord Douglas—is in Paris. Bosie, who must have champagne, Dagonet 1880, and who camps on Mr. Melmoth's trail like a horse fly, and who still has the sulky features of a young, very common girl. Or unless Mr. Melmoth fails to budget carefully the monthly sum which he receives from England. Sometimes he hasn't a penny in his pockets. In that case he saunters along the street, a stout figure in a blue jacket

whose lower buttons won't fasten, or else dressed in a light grey overcoat with a stiff hat on the back of his head and looking a somewhat damaged Alcibiades. He crosses the boulevard des Italiens at a snail's pace in spite of the traffic confusion, but whether it's laziness or a whim is impossible to say. Through the windows he measures the café patrons with one eye to see whether there is anyone inside who can provide him with a bock and cigarettes.

Even to the faithful Robbie, Robert Ross, he lies about his debts. He has frequently been forced to sponge on the concierge of the hotel. His monthly bill for room and café-au-lait amounts to 110 francs. But Monsieur Dupoirier is patient for he knows whom he is harboring incognito as "Melmoth." And he understands very well that if he were not patient this lodger whom he treats so respectfully would long ago have left these gloomy barracks, which smell badly and have no plumbing.

Mr. Melmoth is also prevented from leaving by fear. It has occurred to him that like Bosie he might move into some furnished apartment. But he does not dare to risk it and stays where he is, knowing that even here he may be told that his room has been turned over to someone else. The *juge d'instruction* himself confirmed the land-

lord's rights that time when he and Maurice Gilbert had to take the drunken Ashton away because the hotel proprietor would not stand his immoral conduct any longer. He has the cowardice of a man who has been boycotted. He realizes that the same thing might happen to him here which happened in the Hotel Terminus in Nice, a tenth-rate rooming house.

He is often cut by his compatriots, by Cossie Lenox, by Marie Tempest, the actress, by Harry Melvill, who like himself was one of the ornaments of London society. And by young Harvey Jerrold, whom Robbie wanted to surprise and who behaves as though he did not see the little group sitting under the awning of the Café Vieille Rose. Jerrold's wandering gaze encounters that of Melmoth, but he looks away. Melmoth turns pale and then splotchy red. His eyes are suddenly lusterless, as though his power of sight had been extinguished. He breaks off his account of the legend of the woman in hell, whose limbs were ivory, and of the man with the faded wreath, and begins the one about the man who sold his body in the market place in order to buy back his soul. The gossip about the scandal continues and is likely to rear its head at any time. Everywhere he runs into people who recognize him. Even Caesari, the Italian head waiter at the Savoy in

London, who is now in charge of the Elysée Palace Hotel, and whose smooth face Mr. Melmoth glimpsed recently looking through the window of an automobile near the Madeleine.

Mr. Melmoth has no force of will. He had none at the time of his debacle, in the Cadogan Hotel, when two men of the criminal police division knocked at the door and arrested him, nor later when he fled the Bow Street prison, though his bail would be forfeited. While Frank Harris was straining every nerve to get him aboard a steam yacht in the Thames, he found himself so terrified by the idea of freedom that as the carriage was passing Queen's Gate, in the darkness and fog, his hand fumbled at the handle of the carriage door.

Seared into his brain is the memory of Clapham Junction, where he was forced to sit, on his way to Reading, handcuffed and in prison clothes, while men, young and old alike, laughed, jeered, called names, and spat at the stones under his feet as they poured past from the trains. It was a rainy November day between two and half past two o'clock. For a year he wept, every day at this hour. He will never forget the twilight of his cell, the dirty bath water which he had to use, his disgust at prison fare, the tortures of diarrhea, the insanity of those nights, scrubbing floors in

the morning, the bed of boards, the rough rope which had to be ravelled into oakum, the silent walks in the courtyard, and his corroding sense of shame. That Medusa's head, crawling with vipers, has frozen something within him.

He is unable to be alone, he cannot, even now, get along without Bosie. Why does he cling to Bosie, who jeered at him and called him an old whore? Why did he leave La Napoule, where Harris was looking after him, to join this Lord Douglas in Naples? Why does he tolerate the hysterical shamelessness of this feminine "Prince Fleur de Lys," which makes him shudder when he stops and thinks of it,—tolerate his brutality and lack of control, which are equal to those of his very ordinary father, Lord Queensberry? He is obsessed with Bosie's nervous gestures, with every word of hatred which Bosie has addressed to him, Oscar Wilde.

His life is finished and done with. It's true that he's popular with French writers. He's occasionally seen with the blond bearded Norwegian, Thaulow, who was painting at Dieppe while Mr. Melmoth was, so it seemed, recovering his health in the sea air at Berneval and making pilgrimages to the small grey candle-lit chapel of Notre Dame de Liesse. Also with Rodin, and the Belgian, Maeterlinck, and his friend the prima donna of

the Opéra Comique, Georgette Leblanc. But the people whose company he seems to prefer are the emaciated Walsin-Esterhazy—the grotesque "Monsieur le Commandant" of the Dreyfus case—and his beloved, "la fille Pays." Twirling his lacquered mustache, the Commandant says to Melmoth: "We two are the greatest martyrs humanity has known, but I've been through more than you have."

Mr. Melmoth also has a remarkably extensive acquaintance among the match boys, who say, "Bonsoir, Monsieur Wilde." He has an apathetic smile that unmasks him; and then he clutches his chin with his right hand and bares a black tooth in the once beautifully formed and now dissolute mouth.

It is 1900, the year of the World Exposition. For several months he has doctored with a Jewish physician, for he suffers not only from an abscess of the ear, which has bled and threatened deafness ever since he fainted in the chapel at Reading Gaol, but also from a skin eruption on his arms, breast and back. It soothes him to believe that this is a poisoning caused by eating shell fish.

In April he departs for Italy in the company of Mr. Harold Mellor, whom he met either in

Napoule or in Cannes at the flower carnival. "There was," he reports to the faithful Robbie, "a most charming wagon entirely covered with yellow roses, reins and harness decorated with violets. The villainous-looking old party to whom it belonged, an Englishman, and his valet-de-chambre on the coach box were also entwined with flowers. I murmured to myself: 'Imperial Rome in the days of Nero.'" He went with Mr. Mellor to his villa, half an hour from Geneva, but he soon found himself extremely bored. Still accompanied by Mellor, he lingers in Palermo (address: Cook and Son), in Naples, and in Rome, where Mellor leaves him on Easter eve.

Mr. Melmoth joins the crowd of pilgrims and kneels in the Vatican before the pope, who blesses them. He attends vesper service in the Lateran, wanders through the melancholy Vatican gardens, drinks milk at the Villa Borghese in spite of the intense heat, rides to Tivoli and believes that the consecration obtained by attending the services held there on Easter Sunday will heal his "poisoning."

Back in Paris, he saunters through the grounds of the World Exposition. Raoul le Boucher, the herculean prize-fighter, interests him. Rodin shows him the pavilion with his statues. In the cafés he devours the English papers, especially

the articles about the Transvaal and telegrams reporting the victories of Kitchener and Lord Roberts.

Harris arrives in September. To get some money Melmoth has sold him a scenario—he'd made similar deals with other people. He indulges in a childish quarrel with Harris and haggles over terms.

In October there is an operation, a growth in the ear is removed. Mr. Melmoth requests that a wire be sent to Ross, who hurries over from London, and Reggie Turner is also in attendance. Twice he gets out of bed to go driving with Ross, once to a café in the Quarter, ordering absinthe, which the doctor has forbidden, and once to the Bois. From that time on he has only the dirty yellow walls of his room to gaze at. The physician, Dr. Tucker, finds that he has all the symptoms of syphilis and calls in a specialist, Dr. Kleiss.

Mr. Melmoth dreams that he dined with the dead, and laughs when Reggie Turner makes a jest about it. He inquires about the Père Lachaise Cemetery and discusses inscriptions on grave stones. He is given morphine and continues to overdose himself with champagne. Through the mail he gets a letter and check from Alfred Douglas, which moves him profoundly. When Ross is about to go away for two weeks, Mr.

Melmoth sobs: "Look for some little nest in the hills outside Nice that I can go to when I am better."

On the twenty-ninth of November, Ross finds a dying man. With some difficulty he finds a Catholic priest, Father Cuthbert Dunn of the Passionist order, who is willing to administer the sacraments of baptism and extreme unction to Oscar Wilde. Toward morning the death agony begins. The bed is stained by slimy discharges of the body ejected through lips and nose, accompanied by unpleasant sounds. His breathing makes a hard noise, like the sound of a machine being cranked. It is necessary to destroy the sheets and pillow cases. Monsieur Dupoirier takes charge, dismissing the nurse. Ross and Turner tear up his papers.

He dies on the thirtieth of November, at ten minutes of two in the afternoon. Two Franciscan nuns hold watch beside the body, into whose fingers they have shoved a wreath of roses. Creditors and reporters pound at the doors. Monsieur Dupoirier is beside himself, for it is against the rules, in notifying the city officials about a roomer, to give a false name. With the help of Ross and Turner he notifies the police and the office of the arondissement, and there are unpleasant complications. The district physician inquires whether

the death was caused by murder or suicide and wants to send the body to the morgue. The officials content themselves with making a record of Wilde's belongings. They consist of a few pieces of laundry, some clothes, and an umbrella.

The Chimera of Venice

AT the beginning of January Alfred, twenty years old, came to Venice. He was blasé. Still he had the girlish face of Fantasio. With him was a lady six years older than he, small, with black curls and great eyes that were Turkish in their arching sockets. They were not married.

They had become acquainted eight months ago because they both "wrote." Soon he stopped addressing her as Madame and called her his comrade. She was the wife of a Monsieur Casimir Dudevant in the Berry, a country squire, who had beaten her and who called her an idiot because of her extravagant soulfulness. With some other young fellow she went to Paris, and took her little daughter along. Her young son stayed home on the farm.

Her name was Aurore; George was her pseudonym. When she was a contributor to Le Figaro she had got used to wearing the *culotte,* the wide trousers, and with them a blouse and a Windsor tie, in order to get admitted to the orchestra, which was reserved for men. On the street she withdrew into her long overcoat as into

a sentry box. During the night, in order to keep fresh for her literary work, she smoked cigars, and then slept during the morning, a deep and even sleep. She never demanded that her affair with Alfred should be kept as a secret.

She gave a party for her friends, and Alfred, the "page, bewitched of a fairy," who was precociously a dandy, waited on them in the dress of a Normandy maid and for some time no one recognized him. Debureau, the tragic Pierrot of the Funambules, played an English diplomat with the solemnity of an undertaker, in order to tease a worthy professor of philosophy—and suddenly threw his plate in the air. In the fall Alfred and George travelled to Fontainebleau, blissful in their love. Two weeks ago they arrived at Marseilles, and now, after stopping at Genoa and Florence, they come to Venice.

Alfred strolled about the town, oppressed by its stony splendor. He wandered, aimless, to San Biagio, to the Giudecca, frightened by the air of abandonedness and by the air from the lagoon, shivering with fever. He wanted to move out of his tavern, the Casino Danieli, into a private home. In the evening, when he went to La Fenice, he saw only, here and there, before the palaces along the Canale Grande, a light flickering, the lantern of a janitor, who would reply to his in-

quiry about lodgings by shaking his head. Or else he saw only some poor devils to whom no one any longer gave so much as a thought. He would have liked to rent a room in one of the palazzi Mocenigo, namely the one in which Lord Byron had lived. But into its wintry cold the sun never penetrated. He knocked on the door of a rooming house which was run by a Frenchwoman, Madame Adèle. A dilapidated room with tattered sofas, heated by a single stove. Alfred rented it for a month. But before he was ready to move he fell very ill—typhus. And George too succumbed to dysentery and sick headaches, more briefly than he, and she was soon restored to her overflowing and eager healthiness.

The happiness of George and Alfred had already collapsed. His changeable nature began to hate his dream. Love for him was a delirium. He made George into an idol, a goddess. And a quarter of an hour later, when his amorous intoxication had fled, he debased her, tortured her by raking up the past with the relish of a scold. He knelt before her and besought. He gave vent to his contempt, and then wept. He would be swept away by an absurd happiness. After he had injured her he did not know how to console her.

He forced George to tell him over and over that she loved him. He tossed beside her bed, often the whole night through. And one evening he said to her, his mouth distorted, "George, I made a mistake. Forgive me. I don't love you." He reproached her—she was incapable of giving him satisfaction in her embrace. Then he lay for seventeen days in a terrible exhaustion, his overheated blood made him delirious. One night he jumped up and ran naked about the bedroom, though two sturdy hotel attendants clung to him. He screamed, he sang, he howled, he jerked about.

The physician was old Doctor Rebizzo, and after him the young blond Dr. Pietro Pagello. He takes care of George too. And George, confused by Alfred's lunacy, wanting help, becomes Pagello's confidante, sobbing and readily opening her naïve heart to him. She sends him letters, letters filled with plaints. That her life with Alfred is unbearable. That he is a child, not good nor yet bad, but without any will or sympathy. That she longs to give him back his freedom. That she has been thinking of suicide for eight months, that she has been ready to throw away her life for a soldo, as Francesco the gondolier often put it.

When Alfred's fever began to die down she went to the theatre with Pagello. But in the Casino Danieli, at the side of the bed with the

splintering gilded curlicues, there stormy scenes were enacted. Alfred was alone with Pagello and by his violent demands he forced from the doctor an admission that he had a leaning toward George. He begged Pagello to make her happy. He, the poet of suffering, had the nobility of one who sacrifices himself, and it deluded him into proposing that "Pagello is the man who would have been the proper one for you, my poor George. He would have respected you." And in a fit of midnight enthusiasm he laid her hand in Pietro's: "You love each other, and still love me. You have rescued my body and my soul."

The doctor hid three pages of a manuscript that George had thrust upon him. Because he didn't understand she wrote on it, "For the stupid Pagello." And with remarkable unaffectedness George Sand, author of *Indiana,* offered him her affections while she was still exploring him to learn his. "I don't know whether you truly love me"—wordy dismay at hearing a lie from the new loved one too. Pagello protested "il nostro amore per Alfredo." And Alfred wept for thankfulness.

Alfred, recovered from his illness, had to leave Venice immediately. Madame de Musset-Pathay, his mother, whose pampered idol he was, hadn't been told about his illness. Alfred had no more

money. An Italian, Antonio, was to go along with him as his servant. He sent her a parting note: that he had lost her by his own fault and that no words of reproach could be too harsh. In a gondola at the Piazetta she scribbled with a pencil on a half-sheet, "No, no, not that way. You're not well yet. Why, O God, should we quarrel? Am I not still your brother George, your friend hitherto?" She accompanied him a few miles, as far as Mestre, and was rowed back through the narrow canals. Her overstrained eyes saw everything distorted; the little bridges were upside down, and so were the listless foot-passengers that went over them carrying silver-scaled fish or green olives from the market.

She wanted to travel in his track with Pagello, and pass the night in the same inn in Vincenza where he had stayed. But then she felt she couldn't do it. Old Doctor Rebizzo was concerned about her and he let her spend the night at his house. She went as far as Treviso, and besought her far-away friend, "Don't worry about me, I've got the strength of a horse. But don't keep telling me to be gay and to be calm."

He strolled along the sunny quays of Geneva and inspected the shops—a modish vest, a hand-

some edition of an English book. He considered himself in the mirror, and as yet he found the picture flattering. Already he was on the point of forgetting her and forgetting the hysterias and collapses that his nerves had suffered. Tears fell as he answered her—fell on his fingers, sweet, sweet tears. But after receiving a couple of lines from Padua he wrote her, "Poor George! You thought you were my lover and you were only my mother. What we went through was incest." And, "Think of the life that lies before me."

She moved into the second floor of the Casa Messani, a sorrowful relic of former grandeur in the Corte Minelli. And her pen rustled over the paper. Yes, she wrote him, she was glad that his delight in her had been harsher and more obscured than the delight he would have in other women. "It was not our fault. We were following our destiny."

She longed for a trip to Constantinople or at any rate to the Tyrol in order to finish *Jacques*. In the morning Rebizzo would stop in to see her, around dinner time Pagello. He had a mistress, the Arpalice woman, a Fury who berated him, screaming that he was unfaithful, while at the same time she was having affairs behind his back. Strangers burdened George Sand with their conversazioni. A tame starling that Pagello had

fetched out of his pocket one day fluttered on her shoulder, a sly kobold who drank the ink and gobbled the tobacco in her pipe. When she was about to eat something he would wolf it down first. He bedropt Pagello's *bel vestito*. A charming creature.

Then suddenly Pagello, the sentimental Don Juan, had four women on his hands all at once. The fourth one was Giulia, a natural daughter of his father's, "half English, half Italian, with black hair and blue eyes, that are always turned toward heaven, affected but a trim and eager figure, extravagant, but good, like Pagello." In the Casa Mezzani the gossip was that Giulia was the mistress of Pietro Pagello and of his brother Roberto, who was in the navy. Every day brought tragedies and comedies. In Pietro's room there would be a yowling as if he were operating on thirty tomcats, the door slams, the doctor shouts insulting love-words after la Signora Arpalice: "Carogna! io te amazo!" She shrieks back that she will murder the Frenchwoman.

Alfred de Musset was in Paris and plunged into dissipation and excesses. He didn't spare himself, the poor dear. "No wine yet," George begged him, "and no women yet. Think of your body, which is not as strong as your soul. I have seen it lie dying in my arms." Would he buy a few

things for her in Paris—twelve pairs of black glacé gloves, two pairs of black morocco shoes at Michiel's on the corner of the rue du Helder and the rue des Boulevards, patchouli at Leblanc's,—and he was not to let himself be cheated,—a book of Spanish romances, a bunch of newspapers that contained reviews. She was indignant at the slander that she was speaking ill of Alfred—God was her witness. "I desire greatly to put an end to my life—very, very greatly." In her unhappiness she consecrated him: "Love and poetize, for that is your calling, my friend. Rise upward to God by the radiance of your genius and send your Muse back to earth to communicate to men the secrets of Love and of Faith." And once he wrote her that he kept a sacred relic always near him—a broken comb of hers.

In August George Sand appeared in Paris, and with her Dr. Pietro Pagello. People laughed at the clumsy Italian, who fled, at last, in ill-humor. Alfred was in Baden-Baden, then in Strasbourg, in deep despair. She read his letters at the edge of a wood in Nohant. He loved her, he wailed, would love her till death. All through September they harrowed their hearts.

In October they were both in Paris again. He

was ill, under the care of his mama. He permitted her to visit him and she wanted to nurse him, to come to his house in a cap and apron borrowed from Sophie, her servant. He treated her brutally, and then, when he had ventured out on the street and had hardly taken three weak steps, he began to realize, with pain, that he had been wrong. They made it up. He bade her good-by. She maundered, "Do you want us to go to Franchart and each put a bullet into his brain?" She humbled herself, said he should beat her. She cowered on the steps of his house, she cut off her silky braids, there were rings around her eyes. "Up on the balcony I see all these blonde-haired, white-skinned ladies, decked out, colored rose-red, with heavy locks of hair, flowers, bare shoulders. And you, poor George, where are you now?" In January he once more became her lover. Again they tortured each other, again she fled to Nohant. Then they broke off, exhausted quarry of a chimera. And agreed by letter what was to be done with their correspondence.

Poor Lelian

FOR the last ten years he has been an habitué of hospitals. He knows the Tenon, the Saint-Antoine, the Cochin and the Saint Louis. When they call for him at the dirty furnished rooming houses, where he lives betweenwhiles, it is with a city ambulance. But he feels most at home in the Broussais hospital. He knows the place by heart, the wooden barracks, the white curtains, the smell of ether and phenol, the peasant sisters who make your bed, the charming doctors and the arrogant ones, the checkered boxes with rough linen covers in which sometimes a motionless figure, so wrapped that no part of the body or face is visible, is carried away never to reappear. He is familiar with the convalescent's clothing, shirt, night-cap, socks, cloth cap, and Prussian blue cape, with the dining-room, the open gallery around the outside, with its shiny waxed floor, and the walks of the garden, where one is allowed to smoke a pipe or two of tobacco.

His favorite nook, however, is a corner of the Salle Lasègue, where he sits with his admirer, Dr. Chauffard, who is patient with him, even

when "the ankylosis of the right knee caused by rheumatic arthritis" is no longer serious enough to quite justify M. Paul Verlaine's continuing as a guest of the hospital. Chauffard, who is head of the medical staff, presents him to his students as a very famous invalid and famous poet, the greatest Catholic poet of the century. In the afternoon, Verlaine receives the literati and intellectuals of Paris to the great annoyance of one of his fellow patients and roommates, who is an assistant waiter, an usher in variety theaters, an undertaker's helper, a member of singing societies, and fancy man, who has a trick with the vomit bowl. This fellow scolds about Bohemians and charity patients. At night there are the screeching signal blasts of locomotives on the belt line, the painful breathing of a pallid grey creature who is dying and calls for "Mama," and poor Lelian with his phantasies, absorbed in the drifting melancholy music of his verses, shadowy as yet, but taking form.

Even in this retreat he is sometimes pursued by his disreputable Furies. Off and on either Eugénie camps on his bed, or else Philomène, the big foursquare prostitute, blond and fresh complexioned, who calls him, in the dialect of Ardennes, "M. Verlein." Sometimes they are both there and engage in vulgar repartee. Eugénie is

in her forties and has a past. She used to dance in the Bal Boulier and was a cocotte known as Nini the Sheep because of her crinkly hair. Gambetta, soused, once slept in her room. On her mantelpiece is still the picture of a cabinet minister whose sweetheart she was. But she never succeeded in getting from him a permit to sell tobacco or some sinecure like that. At present, she is doing dressmaking for a shop called Belle Jardinière.

Verlaine ran across her the same way he ran across Philomène. Philomène revenged herself on one of her bridegrooms, who was working on the Eiffel Tower, by untying the knots of his scaffold. After that episode Verlaine wanted to be rid of the homicidal hussy, whom he called Esther. But he found Eugénie even more tyrannical than Philomène. Verlaine lived with her first in the rue Saint Jacques, later in the rue des Fosses-Saint-Victor. His acquaintances were shown the door by her, and the Buffet woman, known as the Yvette of the back alleys, was thoroughly mauled when she climbed up the stairs to the fourth story. Both Esther and Eugénie were keen on money. Twice when Verlaine returned from benefits conducted in his honor, once from one in a vaudeville house and once from a trip to Holland, Esther stole the money. Fleeing

Verlaine, she took refuge with Eugénie and the two women were reconciled. But they both quarrel about him, the old simpleton.

Chauffard dismisses him, and he again takes up his life in the Latin Quarter, this time for a somewhat longer period than usual. For the most part his escapes from the hospital have been of brief duration. He scribbles his poems on waste paper, sometimes the verse of a genius, sometimes that of a facile rhymester, and takes them to Vanier. He limps, dragging the right leg a little. The shabby hat is pulled down tight over the bumpy bald square head, an unkempt beard covers the bloated lips, and his nose glasses are continually slipping down his flat snub nose. Equipped with these noseglasses he looks like the language teacher who taught in foggy London and for three years in Réthel. Without them he is like the Belgian cow herd Verlaine, who Saint Pol-Roux discovered in Arville. It was to Arville that his great-grandfather migrated who was driver of a transport wagon in the French armies, and who later, still in his uniform and with drawn sword, guarded the celebration of high mass in the abbey. A grandson of this transport driver was a captain in the engineering corps at Metz. Verlaine is the captain's son.

When he walks he carries a heavy walking stick.

Believing that it is bad luck to pass three lame people, he hobbles to a shop window as soon as he has seen two, and peering at himself in the glass he imagines he is the third. In the Quai Saint-Michel, he delivers his manuscripts to Vanier and clamors for payment. The book dealer gives him something. If he doesn't pay and hides himself in the rear of the store, Verlaine collects from the shelves copies of his own works, which he carries to the little dealers on the Quai, and Vanier rubs his hands. The little dealers are also in possession of most of the inscribed copies of their works presented to Verlaine by young people of talent and also by authors of established reputations—for his sweethearts have seized on this plunder as a natural source of revenue.

It is time for absinthe. Verlaine takes his place at one of the tables in front of a café and befogs his brain with the pale green poison. He reels churchward, bends his knee in front of a madonna, and knocks on the brown worm-eaten wall of a confessional-booth. When no priest's voice answers his mutterings he pounds the confessional chair with his walking stick. The janitor, who has just swept the vestry-room, asks him what he wants. He demands a priest, a vicar. The janitor throws him out. He gets lost in a maze of

alleys and winds up at some obscure bar or in a station-house.

There is no greasy restaurant table in the Quarter where he won't be found. But there are places in which he, whom the younger generation are already laughing at, where he still presides as "the prince of poets." They are the Voltaire, the Procope, the restaurant Viravaud, and the café François Premier, with its imitation lime-stone, its black leather sofas, its mirrors. Bohemians listen to him, the climbers are sweetly respectful, like Maurice Barrès, the vain one from Lorraine, the narcist, with his provincial over-elegance,—but they are canny enough to avoid too great familiarity with the brusque old man. Paul Verlaine, the *"poète maudit,"* dreams of recognition by the Academy, in spite of the pompous Leconte de Lisle, who detests him, and the compact majority to whom he is an annoyance. His reputation is tainted, he has been in jail.

The scandal about the abnormal and corrupt Arthur Rimbaud, whom Verlaine tried to shoot in Brussels and with whom he later had a fist fight in Stuttgart on the shores of the Neckar, that scandal is already half forgotten. But he is marked by the two years he spent in the prison at Mons, where like any other convict he was forced to promenade in the prison courtyard with

his number on a leather plate pinned to his coat. In the court at Brussels he had been convicted of causing physical injury, and a state's attorney in a lawyer's robe and white fustian trousers had called him a murderer.

Ten years before that he spent two months in the prison at Vouziers, because of violence used against his mother. She had upbraided him when she found that he had let the estate run down, the estate of Juniville, near Réthel, which she had bought for him, and that he was getting drunk in places frequented by peasants. His mother is dead. His wife, Mathilde Mautet, divorced him after the affair at Brussels and is now Madame Delporte. Georges, his son, who was to have learned watch-making, is stationed with a regiment in Algiers. Long ago the old man wrote a tearful elegy, *A Widower Speaks,* in which he previsioned ship-wreck. Now he climbs alone, at night, swaying uncertainly, up the hundred steps to his quarters, while the tiny flickering candle which he carries burns his fingers.

He moves with Eugénie to a new place, rue Descartes 39. The magazine *La Plume,* at whose weekly meetings he is the guest of honor, prints unpublished verses of his from a group to be called *Flesh.* They are extremely sensuous. He no longer writes twilight melodies like the *Ro-*

mances without Words, no longer is there in his work any of the force of his emotionally weighted poem *Wisdom.* Instead, it's all concerned with woman, women, the worship of sexuality, breasts, hair, the golden fleece, the cavern of love. A sorrowful midnight cynicism, lust grimacing, the shallow disgust of one betrayed by some dirty jade. And back of all this scribbling is a profound weariness and suspicion. He is also planning to write a play, *Louis XVII in the Temple.* He no longer drinks absinthe and practically settles down in the rue Descartes. Eugénie has bought a little bottle of gold paint. With this he gilds not only the canary cage but also dishes, vases, footstools, and the handles of feather brooms. "I'm like King Midas," he says. "I turn everything into gold."

In December 1895 his legs begin to swell and he is threatened with stomach trouble. He can no longer get up. Doctor Parisot treats him. On the 31st of December he writes his last poem, lying in bed. Ominously enough it is called *Death.* His disciple, young Albert Cornuty, whom Eugénie tolerates because of his simplicity, assumes the burden of nursing him. Friends make inquiries about his condition and he hears Eugénie say, "There's no hope for him." He manages to smile and to murmur, "No need to order the shoes for

the corpse yet." News is sent to the intellectuals, to Coppée, Barrès, Moréas, who, swarthy of skin, with cape and monocle, was apparently Verlaine's most enthusiastic disciple during the sessions at the Royer-Collard apartment hotel, and who was as a matter of fact a Greek named Papadiamontopolus,—and to Tailhade, the anarchist.

Dr. Chauffard is brought to see his old patient. The night before, Verlaine fell out of bed, and as Eugénie couldn't lift him he was forced to wait for help until the next morning. Newspapers which he tears at restlessly are heaped upon him. Also the *Fin de Siècle* with his glorifications of the flesh. "Clear away these legs," he commands. In his fever he sees sunsets above the sand dunes, dead leaves in the autumn wind, cowering bats, dahlias voluptuous as courtesans, moonlight on the bushes, snowy fields under ashen skies, the red fires of Charleroi factories, Brussels and the rocking horses in the Bois de la Cambre, the hills and beach at Bournemouth, the gaslights and omnibuses of London streets. He crouches in the darkness, while in front of him half obscured by weaving lights is the face of God. The masked rider Misfortune strikes with his mailed fist the sick man's heart.

He is unconscious. A priest is sent for to administer the sacrament. Before he arrives, con-

sumed by the fever of pneumonia, Paul Verlaine has died. Ladies and gentlemen, who are deeply affected, or who at least pretend to be deeply affected, edge into the apartment of the former cocotte, of Nini the Sheep. Coppée appears and is disturbed because no one has read a mass for the soul of Paul Verlaine. Stéphane Mallarmé, the quiet professor from the rue de Rome, the poet whose style is known for its lack of temperament and warmth,—Mallarmé offers a bouquet of violets and exclaims, trembling with emotion: "Worthy, genial Verlaine!" The doctor who presided at the deathbed decides that the organism of the dead man was rotten to the marrow and that he had been suffering from syphilis, rheumatism, and diabetes.

The invitation to the funeral, which was printed in a great hurry, read: "You are invited to attend the removal of the body, the church service, and the burial of the poet, M. Paul Verlaine, who after partaking of the sacraments of the church died in his home, rue Descartes 39, on January 8, 1896, at the age of 51. The ceremony will be held on the tenth of the month in the church which he attended, Saint-Etienne du Mont, at 10 o'clock sharp. De profundis! The meeting

place is the house in the rue Descartes. You are invited by M. Georges Verlaine, his son, M. de Sivry, his brother-in-law, by his publisher, friends and admirers. The burial will take place at the cemetery of Batignolles, conducted by the Special Funeral Institute, place du Pantheon 9, firm of Henri de Dorniol."

Among the wreaths are those from various literary organizations, one from the Café Procope, another from university students. Combes, the radical minister of public worship and education, sends his department chief to represent him. The covering of the coffin is held by Catulle Mendès, Lepelletier, Barrès, the Count of Montesquiou, the snobbish lyricist of hydrangeas, and by Mallarmé. A vicar conducts the mass, an abbé pronounces absolution, the organist of the Madelaine church plays Niedermeyer's *Pie Jesu.* Coppée, Lepelletier, Barrès for the younger generation, Mendès, Mallarmé, and Moréas speak beside the grave at Batignolles. The costs of the funeral are provided for by five friends of the deceased; the minister of fine arts contributes 300 of the 998 francs.

After the funeral Eugénie sells every scrap of manuscript, and also his pipes, the clay ones and the ones made of cherry wood. Also the things he gilded, of which there are suddenly an astonish-

ing number. The poet of *Flesh* had a third sweetheart, a German, Caroline Teisen, whose acquaintance he had made through Schiffman, an hotel keeper in the rue Saint-Jacques. When she hears of his death, she goes mad, dances on the street, and dies in a mad-house.

Georges Verlaine was absent at the funeral. His mother, Madame Delporte, makes apologies for him in a family letter, explaining that he was with his regiment in Lille, where he still had a year to serve, and that at the moment he had had to spend a short time in the regimental hospital. Permission to take a vacation while convalescing had been granted him and then withdrawn. "Yesterday I sent him the sad news, but he will only have received the letter to-day, too late to get permission to leave the hospital and take a train which would get him here in time for the funeral. Verlaine's friends were undoubtedly surprised by his absence on this occasion. I wouldn't like anyone to think that he was indifferent or to suspect that I cherished any animosity, which would be contemptible, and inexplicable considering that I married again and haven't seen Verlaine for twenty-three years. Since I know that your husband often sees friends of Verlaine's, in particular Mallarmé, I should be glad if he'd explain

to them the reasons why my poor child was unable to perform this sacred duty."

Vanier and several other publishers print the works of Paul Verlaine, including *Posthumous Works,* an unsavoury collection. No news of his relatives reaches the world. Finally reporters discover the blond railroad official, Georges Verlaine. They let it be known that he rents rooms in the top story of a house and that two writers have done their utmost to keep him from an early death due to drinking. After his term in the army, he became a watch-maker in Belgium. At the present time he works at the railroad station at Villiers, unhooks the chain to let passengers through. His father wrote a poem about him in which he admonished him in the most bourgeois fashion "to love God, to hate no man, and to uphold the honor of your name, which has been fittingly upheld in the past." In 1909 he was again mentioned in the Paris press. He had been injured while working for the Paris railroad company. He died soon after the world war, agèd, and a sot.

Honoreski

THE Marquis de Balzac (for under this name Honoré Balzac had presented himself to the Vienna aristocracy, and the Entragues arms glittered on his trunk at the Golden Pear inn), the Marquis de Balzac hung on Eva's eyes. His olive-green skin was tanned by the sun, with red freckles at the cheek bones and yellow ones toward the eyelashes. He had long, rough hair sprinkled with white, and the bristles on his upper lip made him look like a boar. His body was massive. In the hotel his monk's belly was heavy on the edge of the table from three in the morning, when he left his bed, till three in the afternoon. He drudged there to get *Seraphita* ready, and the *Lily of the Valley,* and perhaps also the *Memoirs of a Young Married Couple,* the *Pea-Blossom, Sister Maria of the Angels,* the *Book of Sorrows.*

And at that he had come to Vienna only in order to see Madame Hanska. His idol, his "carissima," who sat here before him in Daffinger's studio, with her round neck, a net ruching fastened at her breast by a pearl pin, her right

hand playing with her gold lorgnette, her arms half veiled by some transparent stuff. She was more lovely, wasn't she? than the beautiful Frau Mitzi Daffinger, who made an appearance yesterday, who spoke German with Eva, and whom her husband apparently treated in a rather common manner.

He, Monsieur de Balzac, he knew this Vienna now—Metternich, Countess Melanie, Fritz Schwarzenberg, the hysterical Countess Thürheim, who was so stirred to know that he was living in the very same room in the Golden Pear where Secretary Thirion, to whom she was married secretly, poisoned himself that time. He knew the salon of Eva's aunt, Madame Rzevuska, knew Hammer-Purgstall, Zedlitz, the court library, the imperial treasury. But for him nothing counted but the hours with Eva, Eveline, the Star of the North,—who still had her husband, the Marshal of the Ukraine, this philosophic Count Wenceslaus Hanski, who comprehended everything. Eva, whom he served in the rôle of her mudzhik Honoreski.

The walk with her this morning through the park, across the wooded meadows that lay in silence—since it was so early that there were no carriages rolling along the *Hauptallee* and as yet no music of merry-go-round and harpist sounded

from the *Wurstlprater*—that was for him the coming true of a dream of a passionate longing. The abduction from the seraglio. And yet—he had to pay in helot's service, even more strictly than when he had first met her at Neufchâtel.

Daffinger, painting a miniature of the Countess, dipped his brush into the white. Monsieur de Balzac observed Eva's lips, her high forehead between the careful construction of curls on either side, and her figure. About that he had advised her months ago that she should avoid the possibility of padding it with fat, by eating lean veal, taking many walks, drinking no café au lait, and using cold water when she made her toilet.

It was two years already that she was his angel, his flower. Into his correspondence with her he had thrown himself as he did into speculation, in which he was like a great child, never quite free of foolishness.

He had told her that his heart wasn't understood, that his love for his "dilecta," Laure de Berny, had been the love of a son. He had sent her a bit of his hair. He had cast off a galley-slave's shackles in order to get to meet her, the "stranger," for the first time in Neufchâtel.

He remembered as vividly as though he were still on the spot how she came out of the Hôtel du Faucon on that first day, and that later she

wore a violet dress. How she pointed to the novel of his that she had in her hand and asked him in her Polish accent, They bound books well in Saint Petersburg, n'est-ce pas? How they kissed, under an oak, and how she leaned out of her window, that gave on the hotel courtyard, hovering above the brick pavement and the carriage house.

He remembered how she visited him and how she became his in body too. And the excursion to the Lake of Bienne, to Saint Peter's Isle with its wooded cliffs. Then, after three months which he spent in rapturous but saddened adoration of his absent goddess, who tormented with the moodiness of her disappointed love,—then came the six weeks in Geneva. The dangerous creaking floor in the maison Mirabaud, the importance of not coughing because for all they knew Monsieur Hanski was awake in the next room.

He remembered the time she got her shoes wet through, and the stony path to Ferney. The melody from the Pastoral Symphony, the upward sweep in G major that someone somewhere in an upper story was scraping out on a fiddle, and the young fellow who stared so at Eva. And then the new chase given by his creditors, new, crushing burdens, his anxiety about Laure, who was ill, the cheery boastings, in which he contradicted himself, the walking stick with the turquoise head, to the

knob of which he'd had them weld Eva's gold chain, his luxurious dinner for Rossini and the others, about which Eva scolded him so. He remembered, too, her emptiness, her cruelty, the cruelty of a lady for an artist who is torturing himself and who is glad to be called like a dog, "Here, Milord!" The rather more than tender letter that got in among the mail for Monsieur Hanski, and the comedy that they had to play because of it. Plans for journeys that were never taken.—And now he was here.

Daffinger muttered something or other and threw the brush away. "The sitting is over," Madame Hanska said to Balzac. And on the stairs she made inquiry. "What a sour look Bengali is putting on. Is he worried?" He often called himself Bengali when he wrote to her—Bengali was his Indian siskin of gaudy plumage.

He was short and thick, and the formal coat in which he sweltered in the June heat burst on his back. They drove out on a country road. The cab number was 73. Balzac paid over to the cabman that many kreuzer for his pourboire, till he beamed all over.

It was the house of the merchant prince Walter, of Walter's in the Gemeindegasse. "You are more radiant than ever," said Balzac to Eva. "You must never leave me, it would be murder.

Only when I'm with you do I believe in life." She heaped reproaches on him about the soirée the day before and about Frau von Castries. They went up to the house.

She sang at the grand piano, "Di tanti palpiti" and a German song of Schubert's. His eyes lost themselves in the green of the treetops. It occurred to her: This is to be his farewell. She accompanied him down into the garden, that had run wild, in which dandelions grew next to stately tulips. She went with him under an elm and demanded of him that he wait till her husband died. For in Neufchâtel they had made a vow to each other. The stocky Monsieur de Balzac, the wild boar, swayed on his feet.

As Balzac, snorting, washed himself to the accompaniment of the Sunday morning chimes, he reckoned back. Since that time he left Vienna, eight years and fifty-seven days had elapsed. Yesterday he had seen Madame Hanska again, almost as soon as the *Dunkerque* had dropped anchor behind the Kanonierskiy Ostrov. By the time noon came, yesterday, she was showing him through her rooms in the Kutaisov palace, and they had chatted like old friends. But his broken sleep was due to his agitation and to his headaches, which

his Paris specialist had already labelled with the unwholesome name of arachnitis, inflammation of the tissue lining the skull. And to the bedbugs in this Russian furnished room.

Eight years and fifty-seven days. During that time had occurred the death of Madame Berny, the journey to Sardinia to loot the imaginary remnants of silver in the mines that the Romans once had worked, the treasure of the negro general Toussaint-L'Ouverture, the pineapple cannery, the white Dominican cowl, the Villa Les Jardies, the case of Peytel, the Gobsecks, the usurers, and, a crater that swallowed everything, his work, his colossal work. He had been ready to scream for very weariness.

She had treated him ungraciously when, in writing to her at Viertskhovnia, he sometimes let the regular letter-day slip past. Often he didn't even have money enough to buy stamps, and chewed a dry roll on the Boulevard. He was working hard, she was dissipating in Kiev. He considered jumping into the Seine—or fleeing to the Ukraine to be her superintendent, bailiff of her estate. Her letters had an affected, bigoted note in them.

She was silent on the occasion of his birthday. For a whole half year she didn't answer his letters. Then the clairvoyant Balthazar predicted Hanski's death for him, and now she let him

know that her husband had died. In his naïve joy he wanted to take possession of his happiness. But she forbade him Viertskhovnia, she became unapproachable. She forbade him Saint Petersburg, where she was carrying on a lawsuit. Finally he was assured that he might go to her, and the assurance made him almost idiotic. He begged another oracle of the clairvoyant, that swindler, with whom Balzac was so intimate, that abortionist and convict; and so he learned everything from him, even that she was between thirty and forty and that he had loved her for a long time. His copy of Daffinger's miniature was always before him, on the mirror, next to the consecrated boxwood sprig. And even up to the very last minute he had feared that a stroke of misfortune would come between them.

He shaved, drank the three cups of black coffee which every night heated up the rusting machine of his body and which he drank now because his headache wouldn't go away, and ate a cold breakfast, greedy as an ogre. The old Russian woman who kept his boarding house told him that today, Sunday, he wouldn't find a servant.

He let Madame Hanska know that he would visit her at one o'clock. When the time came he left his room, went over the quai, and then, from the spot where the bronze rider is pulling in his

horse on his great grey block of granite, he walked along the winter palace, to the Millionnaya. Along the marble walls of the hall in the Kutaisov palace lounged lackeys, knitting.

He waited in a blue salon. He would never forget a single one of the furnishings—he had the soul of an upholsterer and an auctioneer. These rosy-veined vases of Meissen with the battle pictured on them, this Louis Quatorze cabinet, this gilded statuette of a Gossipping Woman, this stupid-looking porcelain elephant, this armchair covered with pale blue silk. Dark ivy-vines clambered about the door into the next room. As he walked over the carpet he tore off an ivy leaf—and started, caught red-handed. Eva, Lina, Linette, she had come—with white shoulders exposed by a mourning gown that was very disturbing to him. "Mon loulou adorée," he stammered. She gave him permission to move to the Millionnaya and rang for Mademoiselle Borel, her daughter Anna's governess, to have her look after his laundry. He thanked her, as a beggar thanks. As he kissed her hand the ring of the Great Mogul slipped from his finger and rolled away somewhere on the carpet, the four-sous ring that had on it the cipher of the Prophet and, so Balzac told himself, was worth tons of gold and diamonds.

Balzac's bed stood in the middle of the room—a mahogany bed. He lay on cushions on top of which were piled still more from a sofa—red damask bolsters. Lights flickered above the bedside table with the silver vase on it and over the portrait of a smiling young man. His only wish had been to get back to Paris and to see the house in the rue Fortunée again, the pavillon Beaujon with the two gateways and drives, with the oval windows under the curving roof and at either side of the low door, with the iron lantern and green blinds, to enjoy its garden. It was of this that he babbled feverishly in Viertskhovnia, in the huge stuccoed room of the manor house, shivering and coughing before the fireplace, on the screen of which Madame Hanska had embroidered a hunter and a dog, the trite allegory of the swamp that stretched out from the façade of the house and where the ducks lived. He had babbled of it on the journey to Berditshev, through the rain-gutted roads of the Ukraine, into the mud of which both horse and kareta sank and stuck. He was still at it in the Barbara church, where he was married to Eva, leaning on Gubernatshuk, the old Ruthenian servant.

Seventeen years had gone by since Neufchâtel.

Dimly they passed in review behind the closed eyelids of the dying man. And every stop on the journey of love had left some sort of symbol in his brain—a torch, a golden ball, crowns, a horn of plenty, a sea shell, roses, a palm, forget-me-nots. In Germany, in Holland, in Belgium, in the French provinces, in Italy he had travelled about with Eva, with her daughter and her son-in-law, Count Mniszek. Was it because of his debts that she had put off the marriage, even after the still-birth of their little girl—though before that all had been arranged for with the mayor of Metz. Or had she delayed taking the final step because the Russian law and the problem of the inheritance interposed difficulties? He clung to Madame Hanska, in uncertain desperation, worn out by the strain of an immense productivity. And now he was with her in his new home, which was as full of rarities as an antique-warehouse, to which he had had them bring the incrusted ebony tray of Maria de Medici, and a well by Bernard Palissy, genuine and imitation show cabinets, porcelains, bronzes, paintings,—for Eva, all for Eva. And when in May they had got out of the carriage before it, every light in the house was burning, from top to bottom, for the caretaker, François, had suddenly gone mad.

The dying man's face was violet, darkling. His

fixed eyes were open. Did he still see Eva's image before him? In any case he did not notice her when she came to his bedside. In a peignoir, her hair down, she complained, "He takes not the slightest notice of my presence. He humbles me. It's too dreadful." And to Nacquart, the physician, whom Balzac had told that he had no need of anyone but Bianchon, the medico who had been born in his imagination for the *Comédie humaine*—to Nacquart she said, "How am I going to take care of everything? There are going to be lots of difficulties and ceremony and all that sort of thing."

Evening came. She lay down to rest. At half past ten there was a knock at her door. The nurse cried, "Monsieur is dead." Half naked she stumbled out to the corridor and to the mahogany bed in the dimly lit chamber and to the phantom that lay on the pillows, bolstered up with red damask cushions from the sofa.

The Man in Wolfenbüttel

LESSING was left a widower at the age of forty-nine, while he was serving as ducal librarian in Wolfenbüttel. His figure is thickset, his bearing reserved. Grief has streaked his chestnut hair with grey. He wears it curled at the temples and caught behind in a bagwig. The dark blue eyes are clear and open. They reflect the objective world as sharply as a mirror.

Six o'clock is his usual rising hour, but he gets up at five while he is writing *Nathan the Wise.* When he meditates or reads manuscript, he sits hunched over. At times he suffers from pains caused by incipient dropsy in the chest. After he has written for several hours he wakes Eva's children—who are not his—and amuses himself by talking with his step-daughter, Amalie König, whom they call Malchen.

Secretary von Chichin, a former Capuchin monk, is in despair because Lessing manages the library almost as he pleases, without paying much attention to customary procedure. The books which Privy Councillor Praun bought at the Liechtenstein auction in Helmstedt are set aside

without being catalogued, other books disappear into Lessing's home without so much as a by-your-leave, and his own writings he rips apart to use them for reprinting.

He often takes hungry people who frequent the library home to dine. After dinner he promenades around the castle wall and in the evenings plays chess with Topp, his little hunchbacked house physician. His relations with the servants are pleasant. On only one occasion did he let himself go. The maid who forgot to bring medicine to his wife during her last illness was slapped across the cheek.

Every week he drives to the town of Braunschweig, where he has rented the second story of a house on the Aegidien market square. The house belongs to the butcher, Angott. On these trips he has no one to wait on him except an old servant who has the name Markwit, which, says Lessing, is the only wit the fellow has. When a riding master in Braunschweig, a drunkard, shoots himself because of debts and is found with a tender love letter in his pocket, addressed to a prostitute, Lessing ranges himself on the side of the riding master and the woman. "How do you know," he says, "what love may not have taught her to be to the riding master?"

In conversation he can be exceedingly merry,

or apathetic, silent, and glowering. His anger is terrible because it is cold, and his family are afraid of his satirical contempt. The letters which he receives from all parts of Germany he reads with great care. When he finishes them, he usually shakes his head and laughs. His laugh is apt to be bitter and sarcastic.

In 1778, after his wife, Eva, has died, Lessing says, "I stagger along by myself as best I can." During January of that year he attempts to drug himself "with the laudanum of literary and theological distractions." During February he visits a puppet show with two professors, two chamberlains, and the poet Leisewitz. The show is given in a peasant tavern. Prince Castile of Castilia frees Princess Emilia from a horrible monster, the clown makes coarse jokes, beer is drunk out of earthen mugs, and clouds of tobacco smoke, which Lessing detests, fill the air.

He plunges eagerly into a dispute with a well-known minister, Göze. Göze breathes out fire and brimstone when he is attacked. Lessing is by this time very little interested in his plays. Drama seems to him shallow, but he is vastly entertained by this "*haut comique* of controversy." He once published ten sceptical and heretical Fragments from the pen of "Nameless," and legend has attributed them—quite correctly—to the

father of Johann Albrecht Heinrich Reimarus of Hamburg. The son protests against the libel on his father's sainted name. "I have," he says pitifully, "a family which could easily be injured by any secret enmity. I have a mother, who is still alive, who would be deeply wounded by such an imputation." Lessing, who has been discreet about the identity of the author of the fragments, is now generously ready to deny publicly that Reimarus is the author. A newspaper in Wandsbeck, a suburb of Hamburg, offers him its sympathy and he writes to the editor, "By God, my dear Claudius, I am beginning to count on Death as my best friend."

He does not care to travel. Although invited to Berlin by his brother, Karl, he prefers to stay at home. In July a document arrives signed by the senile and feeble-minded Duke Karl and by Privy Councillors von Praun, von Münchhausen, von Hoym, and von Flögen. It is addressed to "Court Councillor and Librarian Lessing" and suspends the freedom which had been granted him of publishing documents from among the treasures of the library. In particular he is accused of having made public a fragment by "Nameless," *Of the Purpose of Jesus and His Disciples,* which "is not only prepared to undermine the foundations of the Christian religion, but to destroy it com-

pletely." They say that they find it impossible to ignore his extraordinary conduct. That anyone should have attempted to undermine the very foundations of Christianity and to make it ridiculous and contemptible, as he has done, is almost unbelievable. Lessing is told that the publication of these fragments represents a violation of confidence. He is ordered to send them the manuscript and any printed copies, within the week, and to publish nothing further unless he wishes to incur their extreme displeasure. Lessing defends himself in a letter addressed to His Highness. He protests against what he calls an "un-Christian" restriction. He tells Professor Eschenburg that if the ministry confiscates his anti-Göze pamphlets he will refuse to treat the matter lightly and will ask to resign.

Elisë Reimarus, the daughter of the "Nameless" author of the fragments, is alarmed by reports that he is to leave Wolfenbüttel. She writes, "I cannot think of it without shuddering as though at an impending death." She declares that unless he sticks at his post, the lies which flourish in the world will be strengthened instead of becoming weaker. Lessing tells his friend Elisë that she is not to disturb herself about him. He says he expects to live to see the time "when the theologians will be on my side. I think when

they find their wings gone they will become interested in saving their bodies." But he promises to wait and to do nothing rash. By September he is irritable and feels his isolation keenly. He tells Elisë that he has no one who loves him as steadfastly as people can love when they are growing old. "I am paying dearly," he writes, "for the one year that I lived with a sensible woman. I should often like to curse myself for thinking that I was ever going to be as happy as other people. But I have too much pride to make myself unhappy by thinking about it. I merely grind my teeth. My boat drifts with the wind and waves. I shall consider that I have done all I can if I do not actually upset it." One night he gets a "queer" idea—the plan of the play, *Nathan the Wise,* takes shape in his mind, based on the *Decameron* story of the Jew Melchisedech. It occurs to him that by writing *Nathan* he can play a better joke on the theologians than he did when he published the ten fragments by "Nameless."

In September he takes Malchen König with him to Hamburg for a few weeks. He is often at the Reimarus home. Sometimes he sits up until midnight talking about very dry subjects. Sometimes, while the circle of wits around him are exchanging aphorisms, he falls asleep, as though he were tired of living. Both he and Malchen are

taken sick and their return is postponed. In October he again takes up his residence in Wolfenbüttel.

His household and his stepchildren are a financial burden. He tries to borrow $300 for which he is willing to give adequate security. In December he presents his sister, Dorothea Salome, who teaches knitting, with five louis d'or. He borrows five louis d'or from Leisewitz, four from Eschenburg. His brother, Karl, persuades Moses Wessely of Berlin to lend him some money. In January 1779 he dines at Eschenburg's with "a man who has travelled round the world." It is young George Forster, who has been in Tahiti, among the brown children of nature.

Subscriptions have been collected for the publication of *Nathan the Wise,* and it appears at the time of the Leipzig Fair. It is considered "a touching poem." While writing the verses of the fifth act, Lessing became so angry about Semler's attacks that he almost failed to finish his play. He calls Semler "a dirty wretch," "an impertinent goose of a professor," and "a donkey." Lessing swears he will write him a letter in which hell will break loose. Just let Semler wait.

But by June he lies prostrate in bed. Theodor König, his eldest stepson, has to leave for Vienna to look after the affairs of the silk factory—a

property which Frau König inherited from her first husband. He commends his step-father to Tobias, Baron von Gebler. A statement appears in a Vienna paper, the *Wiener Diario,* that the Jews of Amsterdam gave Lessing a bribe of 1,000 ducats to write *Nathan*—a play about a good Jew. Theodor König prepares a denial and Lessing proof-reads it. Someone calls him a "second Judas Iscariot." The imperial censorship makes it impossible to publish the denial publicly. It is printed privately in Regensburg.

Since August Lessing has had a dirty philosopher named Könemann, a native of Livonia, as his guest. The philosopher, with a huge ugly dog behind him, rang Lessing's bell one morning and asked for food and a place to sleep. Lessing had a room cleared out for him, fed him and gave him pocket-money. The philosopher says he met the dog on the street, gave him one of his two rolls, and since then it refuses to leave him. He is planning a treatise on "The Higher Destinies of Humanity." His speech is ungrammatical and he pronounces German very badly. Lessing keeps him over the winter. In the spring he moves him to another room, and when the weather turns warm, with Lessing's money in his pocket the philosopher leaves, stick in hand, and dog at heel.

In February 1780 Lessing complains of ill

health. He writes to Karl, his brother, who is now director of the mint at Breslau, "I recover from one kind of illness only to come down with another. They aren't fatal, but they do succeed in minimizing my intellectual and spiritual energy." Elisë Reimarus reads his *Education of Mankind.* She is so moved she cries. "When we read what you had written about successive betterments through reincarnation, we all said immediately that this would certainly be your last incarnation. Which is all the more reason, dear Lessing, why you should do everything in your power to stay with us a little longer. After all, eternity will be yours."

She had asked him whether it was correct that Amalië is to marry. She now tells him that it is current gossip in Hamburg that he is in love with his step-daughter and does not want to be separated from her. He asks, Why—because he has not turned his step-daughter out of the house? He says he does not care to joke about it, but that he is not the sort of person who would force the girl to appeal for protection to a lot of inflated people who are exceedingly impressed by their own importance. "If anyone wants to call this feeling love, let him. He can use whatever words suit his taste. It would even be quite correct to call it love." He admits that her domestic

virtues are the only things which make his life tolerable. He is glad that she returns his feeling and dreads the moment when they will be forced to part and he will have nothing more to interest him. He realizes that it will mean frightful loneliness. He knows very well—and it strengthens his restraint till he is a man "who is bound not to be a scoundrel"—knows that Amalië is in love. It is true that at present Amalië and the young man are so "bewildered by their passions that they haven't been able to approach each other." His excellent Elisë thanks her friend for the explanation.

In July, the author Friederich Heinrich Jacobi comes to Braunschweig. He is excited about religion as a warm emotion of the heart, and his essential lack of spiritual independence is leading him to lean more and more heavily on Spinoza's philosophy. He argues with Lessing in the Blue Angel Tavern about atheists, theists, and Christians. Jacobi shows Lessing Goethe's *Prometheus* and is astonished when Lessing praises this daring piece of work. "There is no other philosophy except the philosophy of Spinoza," the Court Councillor tells Jacobi with a strange far-off look in his eyes. "Even Leibnitz was basically a Spinozist." "Are you serious?" says Jacobi, astonished. "Do you seriously doubt it?" Lessing

asks. He confuses his companion with further proofs and counterproofs and for just a moment a smile plays about his face. Then he remarks gravely that he himself might be considered Spinoza's highest type and at present in the state of contraction. He also mentions the Cabala and personal immortality.

Jacobi visits him again, after a trip to Hamburg, and finds Lessing overwhelmed with depression. They argue. Suddenly the mask slips from Lessing's face. It is horrible. He tries to get rid of his melancholy by talking. He says that everyone has deserted him. He indicates that his wife accused him before she died of having infected her with his unhappy views of life. He declares that this deathbed confession makes it impossible for him to consider marriage, children, and love again.

With the Jacobis he travels through Halberstadt to Gleim, where he again falls asleep in company. Amalië is sick at her aunt's in Eschweiler. He writes her that he and Fritz miss her terribly. That Fritz's red coat has been stolen. That Engelbert has gone with the choir leader to mass. Karl Wilhelm Ferdinand, the former crown prince who has just become duke, demands that Lessing hand over his duplicate books to the library at Helmstedt. Councillor

Lessing has only 120 dollars left out of his appropriation of 200 by the time he has paid for bookbinding, learned periodicals, and writing materials. He says he thinks it is wise to exchange his duplicates with other libraries as is the custom in all scientific institutions in Europe. He closes, "I pledge my deepest devotion to Your Serene Highness, as your most humble servant, G. E. Lessing." But his Serene Highness insists on delivery of books to the Braunschweig library too.

In October Lessing visits Hamburg for the last time. His friends are distressed by his appearance. A sister-in-law of Reimarus writes, "It is pathetic to watch Lessing. He has so much spirit, but he is so frail. He always looks as though he wanted to sleep and it seems to me he is really no longer awake." Elisë reads him a sentence from Jacobi's letter, "I myself, for some time past, could not have been counted among the living if it were not for the bushes and trees." Lessing murmurs, "They aren't a part of my life any more." Elisë continues to read from the letter—about children and their ways, about memories that are holy and others that are happy. Lessing's face is fiery-red and his eyes are suffused with tears. He visits the opera house to see Shröder, the actor, who is now director. Memories of his old theatrical life in Hamburg besiege

him. He buys a dun-colored hat for Amalië, in the hope that it will become her.

By November he is back. He is seen at the club in Braunschweig. He tells Reimarus his illness has undergone metastasis—it has transferred itself from his body to his soul. He suspects that death itself is only to be considered as a crisis in this illness which takes so many forms. He receives a summons from the duke. The entire board of the Evangelical Church will soon meet at the castle in Braunschweig to determine who wrote and published the scandalous *Of the Purpose of Jesus and His Disciples,* and to decide what steps to take. "Bring on your heavy artillery," Lessing says, "and don't let anyone be afraid that I'll go back on what I did or recant out of fright."

When he talks, now, it sometimes happens that he forgets and jumbles his words. Then the brilliant eyes drop, ashamed. His companion, when he is at home, is a Jew, Alexander Daveson, from whom the old duke used to buy antiques. Because he was a creditor and an uncomfortable person to have around, the new duke put him in jail. The Court Councillor visits him there and offers him a home until Moses Mendelssohn in Berlin is able to provide for the "emigrant." To Mendelssohn, the protagonist of the Jewish renais-

sance, Lessing writes in December, "The coldness with which the world treats certain people in order to show them that they can do nothing to suit it isn't, I suppose, fatal. But it's certainly chilling." And, "I was, at that time, a healthy, slender little tree. Now I'm a gnarled and rotten trunk. This scene, my dear friend, is finished."

On February third, 1781, he has an attack of choking catarrh in his Braunschweig apartment. He locks himself into his room during the night. In the morning he sends for the hair-dresser and is getting ready to go out when he finds that he is coughing up blood. The Court Councillors, Dr. Brückmann and Dr. Sommer, do what they can for him. He lies in bed. On the fifteenth he jokes with his hired lackey Markwit, who has to hurry off to take charge of a corpse. He tells him to hasten back so that he will be able to take charge of his. His fatalism has made him an inveterate gambler in the national lotteries. For the next one he chooses three numbers, 15, 23, and 52. Fifty-two for the length of his life. In the evening he gets Daveson to read aloud the proclamation issued by the Jülich-Berg church council. He jumps out of bed, goes to another room and reappears. As he comes in, he bows to those in the room, pulling off his cap. The death sweat is already in his hair. Without help

from anyone he lies down on the bed. He says to his step-daughter, "Be quiet, Malchen." As he reaches his arm out to the surgeon, Gotthold Lessing, the bravest of brave men, breathes his last.

The Fall

IT is seventeen years since Ferdinand Lassalle met the Countess Sophie Hatzfeldt. It is sixteen years since he made a speech defending himself for having stolen a jewel casket for the lady. Over night he became as famous as Mirabeau. That was in 1847. Arnold Mendelssohn, Oppenheim, and Lassalle served the Countess as recklessly as if she had been Anne of Austria and they the Three Musketeers. After that Arnold Mendelssohn had misfortunes and left the country. He became physician in the French foreign legion and died of typhoid while his regiment of Redifs were marching to Bayazid. Lassalle, who once popularized the philosophy of Heraclitus, who wrote *Franz von Sickingen,* a play in verse, and published a brilliant treatise in legal theory,—Lassalle has become a restless agitator. He is in continual conflict with the law and in the political world he is regarded as a firebrand. By this time he is no longer the Young Germany enthusiast who told Countess Hatzfeldt that she was responsible for a new conception of love and sex-life, because it was through her, the declassée

aristocrat, that the idea of freedom of sexual enjoyment had found expression. The birth of this idea would, he thought, some day be reckoned among the great historical events of the world.

Lassalle is twenty years younger than the Countess, who is now fifty-seven. She has false eyebrows, wears a wig, and smokes cigars. "You're young and I'm old," she complains. "You have courage and are willing to struggle because your eyes are fixed on the future. I can no longer follow you." On one of her birthdays she cuts off a lock of her hair, which is completely white, and gives it to him in a medallion to remind him that "you should pity me." She has saved herself by allowing her emotions to become maternal. "I know you'll be a good son to me. And I know you will close my eyes." When he was in Constantinople without her and she wrote that she was lonely he sobbed like a child and swore never to leave her. Soon after, however, he again permitted himself to be very insulting, though she begged him to spare his "white negro slave." After this episode he again declared himself with the greatest sincerity: "There are only two strong impulses that divide my heart. Without them it would be a bleak, burned-out crater. One is my passion for the Cause, the other is my passionate friendship for you. As an individual

I can only feel when I'm with you and I can be happy only with you. I won't allow anyone else to tear you away from me. If your feeling isn't a half-way matter. . . ."

She reconciles herself by having him tell her about his erotic shiftings. In accordance with this understanding he does not conceal from her his relations with Agnes Denis-Street, daughter of "Councillor" Klindworth, who has had a melodramatic career as a secret agent. When Lassalle is in Düsseldorf, Agnes is often seen with him; her little daughter, Fernande, lives only a year. The Countess warns him very gently when she observes that Agnes is "exploiting" him.

In Berlin he has two intellectual friendships. One with Lina Duncker, who is eager to replace the Countess, and the other with Hedwig Dohm. An incurable infection which he contracted as a young man flares up again and in 1860 he goes to Aachen to take a mercury cure. Here he meets nineteen-year-old Sonya Sontzev, whose father is visiting the German baths. He had once said that he was never able "to yield more than part of myself" in love, while those who loved him were overwhelmed. Now *he* is overwhelmed. To Sonya's astonishment he makes a magnificent and ardent confession of his passion. They meet again in Lassalle's luxuriously furnished house in

Bellevue Strasse in Berlin. When his "last rose" leaves Berlin his grief is boundless. She writes him from Russia declining his offer of marriage. This happened only recently—the year 1863 had already begun. In the course of the same year he courts a seventeen-year-old banker's daughter, Minna Lilienthal. She spurns him because she wants a titled husband and marries Baron Nothomb, a Belgian.

This leaves him depressed and wholly unoriented, for the Countess is now intimate with Wilhelm Rüstow, a former Prussian artillery officer who was chief of Garibaldi's general staff during the Sicilian expedition. Because of a bad marriage, Rüstow is at forty a much embittered man. Lassalle asks the Countess, "Where can I find a woman who could take your place?" He realizes that he has only Marie, a dressmaker at Gerson's, whom he calls the Gersonneuse, and to whom he makes little presents and dedicates little verses. He writes, "If only I could fall in love. It wouldn't matter with whom. I'd conquer the woman if I had to knock out three of the caliph's teeth. But it's no go. I can't fall in love. The women here aren't that kind."

In the course of the same season he meets at an at-home at Hiersemenzel's, the lawyer's, a girl of twenty with thick red-gold hair. It is Helenë

von Dönniges. Her father is the Bavarian ambassador to Switzerland, a professor well known for his liberal views. She lives in her grandmother's home, a member of one of the first Jewish families of Berlin, although she herself is a Protestant like her father. At fourteen she was a spoiled child. But even at that age, one gathers from a portrait painted by one of her admirers in the Munich-Dingelstedt circle, even at fourteen, she had a delicate elfin beauty and dreamy eyes which could be as soft as a dove's or as lowering as the eyes of a beast of prey. When the family was in Turin her parents wanted her to marry the commandant of Allessandria. In Nice she gave herself to Lieutenant Paul von Krusenstern of the Russian frigate *Palkan*. "Blessed be that night, that night of flowers," she said of this initiation in a rose arbor. And so she awoke into new knowledge. People assume that the Roumanian student, Yanko von Rakovitza, is her fiancé. She calls him her "black Moorish prince," her "Moorish page."

She is enflamed by Lassalle, who looks like Caesar. He too is intoxicated by her. There had been expensive wines at the Hiersemenzels' and as they leave he picks her up and carries her down the long stairs. At her own home he announces that he will call the next day to ask her

grandmother's consent. Helenë does not seem enthusiastic. With the help of his friend, the lawyer Aurel Holthoff, he meets her at a concert by Hans von Bülow, and at the Legal Ball, where she wears "white roses, and silver ears of wheat in her hair," and at Holthoff's, where Lassalle's sister, Frau Friedland, is entranced with her. "I have always thought that Ferdinand's wife would be a woman like that." In his letters to the Countess he writes about her a good deal. "Beautiful, of good family, without means, vivacious, merry, with the kind of education that would be expected in a girl of that class. Whether her culture goes deeper than that, about her soul, her *élévation d'âme,* I don't know. Her body is as if made for passion." But she does not, it seems, feel capable of opposing her family, who intend her for Rakovitza. They form an impregnable barrier around her. Now she disappears from his ken.

In May 1864 he is in the Rhineland and wherever he goes crowds of workers surround the founder of the German Workers' Union. At Ronsdorf they rush madly after his carriage as it descends the hill. He has reached his zenith and from this time on things begin to slip. He has the egoism of a would-be dictator, it is not

very different in essence from Bismarck's reactionary Machiavellianism. It is so great that he negotiates agreements with the king and Bishop Ketteler. He is sentenced to six months in prison, is very much shaken, and wants to give up politics. He gets a sore throat and is so hoarse he can hardly speak. The doctor prescribes a visit to the Rigi and drinking whey. He travels to Switzerland while the Countess is in Wildbad. And so the mould of his fate hardens and sets.

On a disagreeable rainy day in July he is writing in his hotel room. A peasant boy announces that a lady is waiting to see him on the terrace. He sees Helenë von Dönniges, "the gold fox," sitting on her horse. She is accompanied by a Frenchman, an American woman, and her English friend, Mrs. Arson. She has learned from Holthoff where he is living. "By all the gods of Greece, it's she," he exclaims. The party spend the night on the Rigi. She is obliged to ride back the next morning in spite of the rain and fog.

Since fate has played into his hands, he is determined to win "the gold fox," "the child." He wants her to agree to marry him and writes the Countess, "This is a conflagration. Will it be a good thing for me? Will I come up triumphant as Schiller's diver does, with the golden goblet in my hand? It remains to be seen." He calls

Helenë his Brunhilde. She writes from Wabern near Berne to "my beautiful satanic friend," and admits that a drop of that satanic blood has got into her veins. In a frenzy of excitement she entrusts herself to him and declares she is sure his giant's soul will grind into dust the rocky barriers which stand in their way. There is only one thing left which she must do—that is to break the faithful heart of her Roumanian fiancé. She announces her decision to the Roumanian in the words of Geibel's Brunhilde. Lassalle telegraphs feverishly and gives rein to his phantasies of dictatorship. "What would my gold child say if I should some day drive her in triumph into Berlin, through the Brandenburg Gate, in a coach drawn by six white horses,—the first lady of Germany, exalted above everyone?" He follows her to Wabern and they agree that he is to approach her parents directly. He trembles with impatience. A few hours after Helenë has left he boards the train for Geneva and engages rooms in the pension Bouvet, rue des Pâcquis, back of the city concert hall.

Professor von Dönniges has rented a house in the Campagne Vaucher. Helenë tells her mother that Lassalle is about to call and what his errand is. Mama is shocked at the scandal. That Helenë should have got herself involved with such

a creature at the very moment when her sister Margaret is about to marry a Count Kayserlingk! She tells her husband. He storms into his daughter's room and there is a furious scene. He retires shouting, "I'd rather shoot you, as I would a mad dog." Helenë does not know what to do. She sends her maid, Theresa, to the pension Bouvet with a letter to her "beautiful and lordly eagle," her "imperial eagle," in which she explains what has happened.

He has hardly finished reading the letter when she enters his room. She is desperate and flings herself on his bed. "I'm the most unhappy person in the world. You see what the situation is. You can do anything with me that you want to." There are physiological difficulties which make him decide not to attempt a consummation. Her flight to his room marks the high point of their relation. Even then he begins to lose his hold over her.

Her maid, Theresa, knocks at the door and says that Helenë's parents are at Madame Rognon's house and are looking for their daughter. Lassalle hastens with Helenë to the Rognon house. He faithfully hands her over to her mother and assures Frau von Dönniges that she will soon be glad to assent. She cuts him short with anger and contempt and leaves with her

daughter. Nothing that he writes reaches Helenë, his letters are all intercepted. He writes pleadingly, "I'm not alive. This is death-in-life. If your father wants to force me to fight *à l'outrance,* very well, it won't be my fault." He writes to the Countess, "I'm all broken up. Perhaps more because of my blockheadedness than because of the loss of the girl." He is very weak. Rüstow, the Countess' new friend, is forced to hurry from Zürich to Geneva to take care of him.

His spies stroll about the Campagne Vaucher —police patrol the garden there. Dönniges threatens to have Lassalle deported as an *agent provacateur.* He sends his nephew, Dr. Arndt, and his future son-in-law Kayserlingk to Lassalle with a note from Helenë which says, "Whatever my cousin says to you will be in accordance with my wishes.—The Child." His little presents to her are returned. He is told that she has left. He sees her in a carriage but she is on her way to the station bound for Bex in the Rhône valley. Lassalle's blood freezes. "Without you," he says deliriously, "death is my only refuge." He wants to challenge the Roumanian, who is now officially her fiancé. He feels that he has been made ridiculous; an idea which he cannot conceivably admit.

He travels to Karlsruhë to see the Countess

and sinks into her arms, pale with emotion. Then he leaves for Munich, where he stops at the Hotel Oberpollinger. From there he goes to Starnberg in order to get Hans von Bülow to ask Wagner to secure the aid of King Ludwig II. Meanwhile the Countess goes to Mainz to ask Bishop Ketteler's help, quite as though Helenë were a Catholic. In both cases a romantic gesture with no relation to reality.

Rüstow hands him a very cold letter from the young lady in which she rejects the idea of marriage. The letter reveals the fact that she is weak and that frustrated desire has left her revengeful. Baron Schenck, a minister in the Bavarian cabinet, shows very little interest in the affair. It has been arranged that a lawyer, Dr. Hänlë, is to go to Genoa to say a good word for Lassalle. But by this time Lassalle has read her farewell letter. "If I go to pieces now," he says, groaning, "it won't be because of the violent opposition of her family. That opposition I have met. It will be because of the boundless treachery, fickleness, and frivolity of a woman." He utters empty curses. Curses which are to follow Helenë to her grave.

The Countess Hatzfeld has been visiting Mrs. Arson in Wabern, but she is now at the Hotel Metropole in Geneva. Holthoff and the Countess and her friend Rüstow are all determined to keep

Lassalle away from Helenë. But he will not obey. He enters the Hotel Victoria in Geneva on the 24th of August. Dönniges agrees to a meeting with him. Lassalle demands that Rakovitza leave the Campagne Vaucher and that he be permitted to see the young lady in order to make sure what her feelings really are. On the 26th Dr. Hänlë and Rüstow call on the Dönniges family to find out whether the young lady will meet Lassalle at the office of Herr Amberny, a lawyer. "Why should I?" Helenë says. "I know what he wants. I'm fed up with the whole thing." When she is reminded that she owes Lassalle satisfaction she says sarcastically, "For his vanity?"

Lasalle runs a hand over his forehead as though he wanted to dispel an illusion. "The girl's a bitch. It's all over. I shan't think about her any more." His goal is revenge. In letters to Dönniges and Rakovitza he reiterates the insulting remarks he has already made. The Roumanian wants to fight him in place of Helenë's father and choses Kayserlingk and Dr. Arndt as his seconds. Lassalle's seconds are Rüstow and Count Bethelen. There is music in the English Garden, many-branched candle-sticks display their bright flames.

These proceedings are kept from the Countess, but she is extremely worried. Once again Lassalle believes that his sign is in the ascendant, once

again he believes in his star. The scene of the duel is the omnibus station of Garouge, a suburb of Geneva, where decades later the banners of victorious Socialists will be carried through the streets. Early in the morning, on February twenty-eighth, Rakovitza fires the first shot. Then Lassalle fires. A miss—for he has been hit. Although mortally wounded he manages, for the sake of the Countess, to walk up two flights of stairs to his room. His old friend is at his bedside. He stretches out his hands sadly and does not mention the names of his enemies. Presently, mad with pain, he clutches his hair and pounds the wall with his fists, screaming, "If only he had killed me!" Billroth from Zürich and Professor Chelius from Heidelberg observe the approach of death. On the morning of the fourth day, Lassalle is freed from his torment. Twice, just before he dies, his face twitches, the Countess sees, who is watching over him with maternal solicitude.

Eureka

HIS relations with the *Broadway Journal* had ended in catastrophe, and in April, 1846, Mr. Poe migrated from 84 Amity Street, New York City, to the town of Fordham in Westchester County. He took with him his wife, Virginia, and her stepmother, Mrs. Clemm, her widow's cap trimmed with lavender ribbons, her black dress rusty with age. The tiny frame house in Fordham can accommodate just three people; the husband and wife are forced to sleep in a room under the eaves. Cherry trees are in bloom outside the wide veranda, from where can be seen valleys, rolling meadows, the granite arches of an aqueduct spanning the Harlem River, and even the blue edge of ocean.

Virginia with her lambent pallor and great dark eyes is still very young. She is sick, and often coughing shakes her frame. Poe tells Dr. Chivers, "She has had this illness as long as I have known her." He no longer writes or when he does his work is disdained by the magazines. Mrs. Clemm collects from the wastebasket the pieces of paper which he has crumpled and torn up in

one of his rages, first a poem, then an article, and she goes all the way to the city to present these works to the publishers. But she, too, has no success. The magazines are through with this literary charlatan, this assassin of the conventional moralities, who was sued for fraud and forgery by his successor, the paltry Theodore Dunn English, after the *Broadway Journal* scandal, and who got a judgment against the slanderer through an action against the *Mirror*.

The murky Mr. Poe, who prowls around the Harlem River in the rain and wind at night, is psycopathic. There are days when he is fairly composed. One has the impression that he is taller than he really is. The neck is long, the shoulders sloping, the hands fine, long, and feminine. When he strolls he hunches over, twirling his hickory cane. The massive bulge of the forehead is framed in black hair, the skin is yellow, the mouth contracted. He seldom drinks, but a mere glass of beer or wine leaves him half paralyzed. Poisoned with alcohol, he becomes malicious and derisive, and his persecution mania flares up.

On occasion, during this warm, luminous summer, he has mad fits of gaiety. Catching a wild starling, he hangs the cage on a nail pounded into the cherry tree. The bird dashes itself against the sides of the cage, but Poe will not free him.

He wants to tame him and acquire a companion whose glorious singing will enliven his dark evenings. Some visitors arrive from New York, he wanders with them about the rocky bluffs and woods and joins them in a jumping match. He can jump higher than they, but when he lands, his shoes burst open, so that he is forced to sneak off to the barn barefoot and ashamed. It is Mrs. Clemm with her gossipy, begging confidences who obtains for him new shoes and twelve shillings in exchange for a poem. Virginia coughs and smiles pensively to herself.

Autumn overtakes them with its cold. Virginia lies in the bedroom under the eaves, chilled and trembling, although Eddie's cape enfolds her and the tortoise-shell cat Catherine huddles upon her breast. Eddie holds her hands and Mrs. Clemm her feet. A friend, Mrs. Gove, finds a charitable individual in New York who sends them soft quilts. Her name is Marie Louise Shew, a physician's daughter. Sixty dollars are collected by private subscriptions. In December a notice appears in the *Express,* which states that Edgar A. Poe and his wife have contracted a dangerous case of tuberculosis and expresses the hope that his admirers will do something to ameliorate his condition. With feeble anger, Poe protests.

In January Poe begs Mrs. Shew to come out

and see Virginia, who is growing weak. Mrs. Shew stays overnight. While the others sleep, Virginia secretly takes out from under her pillow a picture of her husband and a little box that had belonged to Poe's mother. Death comes to her peacefully. In the morning they discover that she no longer breathes. On the day of the burial the sky is streaked with grey and yellow, the color of burned-out ashes, chilling and comfortless. The burial service takes place in the Reformed Church in Fordham. Poe's cape, dating back to his cadet days at West Point, is wrapped tight around his emaciated figure to ward off the penetrating cold. It is the same cape which he had used to cover Virginia. Mrs. Clemm has the satisfaction of knowing that her daughter who is being lowered into the grave is wrapped not in a cheap cotton sheet, but in fine linen.

Poe is only half conscious after the funeral, then his fever mounts. He returns the wine, sent to strengthen Virginia—it is the demon alcohol's poisonous brew. Mrs. Shew sends tonics and flowers to relieve the desolate aspect of the house. A newspaper in Philadelphia rakes up a seven-year-old story of his plagiarizing from a textbook on conchology and crustaceans. Poe reads it and his fever mounts. At the end of every ten counts the pulse drags. Mrs. Shew is certain that some

part of the brain is injured. At night, he is overmastered by fears. Mrs. Clemm sits beside him patiently and when she stops stroking his forehead, he says like a child: "No, no, not yet." Recovered, he accompanies Mrs. Shew and a friend of hers to midnight service in New York. When the congregation sings, "There is a man in anguish, who has known great sorrow," he scrambles to his feet and runs out. Mrs. Shew tells him her opinion. She thinks he should marry a woman who would be energetic and in love with him. He promptly proposes to her, and writes a languishing, idealistic, passionate poem of which she is the subject. Six months suffice for him to compose *Eureka,* his cosmogony, which is to banish forever the fearful blackness with which chaos has always confronted him. He writes without stimulants, except a cup of coffee taken every two hours.

Schemes seethe in his brain for a magazine, *Style,* which is to have a circulation of at least five hundred, and contributions from London, Rome, Paris, and Vienna. In an endeavor to collect funds for it he addresses a handful of people in the Society Library. His stricken eyes do not see them, but his solemn words are those of one inspired. His lack of success does not discourage him. In a letter to Marie Louise

he announces a matter of the greatest importance which he wants to talk about with some publisher in Fordham, the publication of his poem, *Eureka.* The publisher arrives. Suddenly and with no preliminaries Poe's face distorts itself, he shudders convulsively and screams at the man: "With my whole nature, I rebel against the idea that anyone in the universe should have more power than I." Stepping into Putnam's on Broadway, he announces with a glittering eye: "I am Mr. Poe." He treats the publication of *Eureka* as though it were a more world-shaking event than Newton's discovery of gravitation, and demands a first edition of fifty thousand. Putnam prints five hundred.

One summer's day, he rings Marie Louise's bell. He had wanted to write, he says, but had no inspiration. She gives him tea, while the church bells chime for vespers. "These bells torment me. I can't possibly write anything. I am exhausted." He sighs. Marie Louise writes at the head of a piece of paper "The Bells, by E. A. Poe." Like an automaton he writes the entire poem. They take him to a room that belongs to Mrs. Clemm's brother; he sleeps for twelve hours and does not know when he awakens what happened the day before. His friend makes him buy furniture, a grand piano, and library for his

rooms, and charge it to her account. His sentimental passion mounts. She runs away from him, And from his ghostly cat, Catherine, whose way of slinking into a room makes her shiver.

Abandoned, Poe attaches himself blindly to Sarah Whitman, an authoress of Providence, Rhode Island, whose husband, a Boston lawyer, had died fifteen years before. Poe has never seen her, she is six years older than he, but he has heard of her theosophical eccentricities and so he writes. When she does not answer, he tries to reach her through a Miss Blackwell. She makes no reply. In Richmond, Virginia, Poe rediscovers the girl whom he had adored at eighteen, Elvira Royster, now Mrs. Shelton, a rich widow. He is at her feet when he receives a poem from Sarah entitled *August Night*. He greets Sarah as "his Helen, the Helen of a thousand dreams." Trembling with ecstasy, he spends two evenings with her. In a cemetery he tells her: "Helen, this is my first and only love!" He raves about soul love, about spiritual love. "Have I not seen you before, Helen, have I not heard your voice, which is more than music? Or do I only dream? Am I mad?" He assures her that except for certain times in which he was not himself and which are a source of bitter regret, he has done nothing which could make him blush. He admits that he

has enemies and that her friends are not kindly disposed toward him. He promises, however, to build a retreat for them both, with marvellous flowers in the garden, with tulip and magnolia trees, a lawn of velvet tilting down to a sparkling brook, a house filled with books and pictures, "and, above all, with our love in all its splendor."

Sarah puts him off. So he says he will meet her again, but fails to appear. In despair, he lies all night on his bed, weeping. At dawn he leaves, his demon at heel. He buys two ounces of laudanum, and without going back to his hotel, he takes the train to Boston. There he writes to Sarah and swallows half the laudanum. Hurrying to a post box, he faints before reaching it. An acquaintance helps him, a physician applies the stomach pump. Mrs. Whitman thinks he is drunk and refuses to see him, sees him anyway, and by way of an excuse for postponing the marriage, shows him an unpleasant letter from New York. He leaves. In the bar of his hotel he gets thoroughly drunk, returns the next morning, and is taken to the house of a Mr. Peabody, where he is treated for inflammation of the brain.

Sarah Whitman agrees to marry him. Harried by the ghosts evoked by his orgy, he agrees, once again, to abstain from drinking. The nerve attacks that he has just survived have changed

him to a terrifying degree. In his letters he implores her to trust him. He wants with her aid to establish in America an aristocracy of intelligence. He assures her that his strength has returned to him. He will be merciless to his enemies. In Providence he addresses two thousand people, his subject is the nature of poetry. The wedding is to be on a Monday. Mrs. Whitman receives him coldly. She knows that he has been drinking again. Lying on her sofa, she covers her face with a handkerchief sprinkled with ether. He kneels beside her. In the evening he leaves for New York. "I love you," are his last words to this creation of his dreams.

In Westford he finds a young girl, Annie, whom he calls "my sweet sister" after a brief two weeks. He sends Annie his farewell letter to Mrs. Whitman, begging her to mail it. "I am as well as ever. Overwhelmed with requests for my manuscripts. The least that I receive by way of compensation is five dollars a page from the Graham Magazine, and as I can easily turn out a page and a half a day, that makes about seven dollars and a half. As soon as I get the money I will be through with my troubles." Nevertheless, manuscripts are returned and depression sets in. He has not abandoned the *Style* project; a Mr. Pat-

terson of Oquawka, Illinois, offers to finance it if Poe can guarantee a thousand subscribers.

He leaves for Richmond, his home, or at least that of his father by adoption, John Allen. The train takes him through Philadelphia. Mrs. Clemm, living alone in Fordham, has a premonition that something has happened to him. On a Monday afternoon, blanched and wild-eyed, he makes his appearance in the editorial rooms of one of the local papers. The editor must protect him. It is monstrous that such a thing can happen in the nineteenth century, but while he was on the train he had heard people in a nearby seat whispering to each other and planning to throw him out of the car. "If I could shave off my moustache," he suggests, "it would be harder to recognise me. Would you lend me a razor?" The editor declares that as he never shaves, he has no razor, but that he is quite willing to clip the moustache with a pair of scissors. He persuades him to stay for tea and detains him until night. Poe has an urge to go for a walk—"along the Schuylkill." He does not object when the editor offers to accompany him. He begs him to see that a picture of him is sent to his mother. At the edge of the great Fairmount reservoir he narrates visions. He is in prison, and a young woman surrounded by an aureole of light speaks to him

from the roof of a high tower. After sleeping, his mind clears. He asks persistently for laudanum. The editor advances some money, and Poe leaves for Richmond.

He remains there several months. In a dirty saloon in Broad Street, he divulges the mysteries of his Eureka to a crowd of bums. His friend Thompson of the *Southern Literary Messenger,* seized with pity for his shabbiness, furnishes him with clothes. He lives in a hotel, The Old Swan, which had been considered distinguished in his youth. There are more meetings, æsthetic readings in the Exchange Hotel, admission five dollars. At the Mackenzies he sees his sister, Rosalie, insane but harmles, who regards her brother as a prophet. He teases her about the bizarreness of her costume and her idiotic stare. Susan, the daughter of the Talleys, is fascinated by him. "What terrifying eyes Mr. Poe has," a lady says to Susan. "My heart stops beating when he raises them slowly and fastens his gaze on me." The eyes beneath the black lids are huge; the steel grey iris transparent as crystal, the pupil distended. He never laughs.

Lying on a mossy bank by Castle Eremitage, he remembers that white violets once grew on this spot. The thick ivy at the windows, the torn wallpaper with its rose garlands that rattles

faintly in the night wind, all these things serve to recall to him the past. This mood gives way at times to the tyranny of alcoholism. If he as much as touches a single glass, he cannot free himself from the spell until he has lost consciousness. Taken to the Duncan Inn, he is looked after by two doctors. Weeping bitterly he tells them that he is helpless in his fight with this demon. He joins a temperance society.

He calls on Mrs. Shelton, his *Elmire*. On the very first day he proposes. The lady hesitates. He arranges with Mrs. Clemm about a letter which she is to write to her concerning a pencil sketch of Elmire which Poe made years ago in Richmond and which is probably crumpled in some drawer, spotted with ink, if it hasn't been thrown away by Eliza White. The drawing by now exists only for the purposes of this trick which Poe has thought up. He loves Elmire, or at least persuades himself that he does, for at the same time he is writing to Mrs. Clemm: "I must go to some place where I can see Annie. I must live somewhere in that girl's neighborhood." It is agreed that the marriage is to be in October. Poe, who is leaving for New York to fetch Mrs. Clemm, says farewell to his friends.

This is the twenty-seventh of September, 1849. A few days later, in Baltimore, drunk, he inquires

for Dr. Brooks. The doctor is not at home. Poe wanders on. He takes lodgings in Bradshaw's Hotel, goes to the railroad station, forgets his trunks, leaves for Philadelphia. He is found by a conductor lying unconscious on the floor of the train. The conductor pushes him onto a train bound for Baltimore. Arriving at night, he does not go to his hotel, but wanders around the streets. In his confusion he allows himself to be used by a gang of politicians' henchmen, who drag him around from one polling booth to another and vote him. In a tavern, Ryan's Fourth Ward "Gulls," a printer sees what is going on. He reports it to Dr. Snodgrass, who conveys Poe, not yet in possession of his senses, to the Washington Hospital. This is on the second of October.

On the third of October Poe awakens. It is afternoon. His body shakes. Delirium. He converses with imaginary presences ranged along the wall. On the fourth he tells the attendant physician that his wife is in Richmond. He confesses that he does not know when he left there or what became of his baggage. He says it is time he got himself out of the way, begs for a revolver bullet in his head, and almost immediately falls asleep. Again awake, again delirious. He struggles with the two men nurses. Saturday night, from early evening until three in the morn-

ing, he calls out for some one or other named "Reynolds." Then he bows his head, murmurs, "God help my poor soul," and dies. The only people present at the funeral are the doctors, Moran and Snodgrass, a Mr. Herring, and Collins Lee, one of his classmates at school.

A Girl from Russia

IT was their first Paris residence that wasn't in the Champs Elysées quarter. But even this rented house in the rue Ampère, near the boulevard Malesherbes and the avenue Wagram, not far from the gilded gate of the parc Monceau and the populous Batignolles,—even this Madame Bashkirzev could keep up only because of her sister, the rich, stupid, and unselfish Madame Romanov.

On the ground floor they had put the drawing room and the dining room. A few steps led down to the garden and the carriage drive-way. The story above this the two ladies occupied with the daughter of the bankrupt George Bashkirzev, their niece Dina, whose only attraction was her blond hair. Here Madame Bashkirzev, always *distraite,* talked on and on about her clothes,—she preferred going out loaded down with things in the worst and loudest taste,—about the servants, and about her health. Suddenly she would fall silent and listen fearfully toward the upper story. There her daughter Mariya Konstanti-

novna walked to and fro, clad all in white,—the two-and-twenty-year-old Mariya.

The upper rooms were a hall, a bedroom, a boudoir, a library; and from this you passed through a sliding door into the studio, for Mariya painted. This was her third year at the Ecole Julian. She had always wanted to live in this part of town. But now she found that the studio wasn't large enough and the house rent was too high. She had grown used to acting on her moods and to having everything done for her. Once she was going to travel to Florence. The cash wasn't at hand and it would take time before, in Russia, another forest could be felled or another village disposed of. So in the meanwhile—they were in Marseilles—her aunt Romanov took her jewels to the Mont-de-Piété, to the loan-office. It was very funny, the poor good woman in her ignorance told the cabman to drive to "the place where they store diamonds."

Recently Mariya saw two huge and precious stones at the hôtel Drouot. She rather fancied them for earrings, in case a millionaire should ever marry her. So her two Mamas bought them for her. She kept fingering them in her pocket while she modelled, and also later, when they were listening to the piano, and Boyidar, the harmless Serb, Prince Boyidar Karageorgyevitch,

and the others chatted. Yet the brilliants were yellow, else they wouldn't have cost 25,000 francs, but three times as much. She had hats by Reboux, shoes by Ferry, gowns by Worth, a bewitching parasol from Dupuy's, and from Jouvin gloves to fit a Chinese princess. For a trip to Biarritz the maid packed, at the very least, twenty white gowns. What luxury surrounded her when she was still a child, in Nice, where she drove a span of white ponies, an eccentric, faërie sight. She was in love, Narcissus-like, with her body's delicacy, with her hair of red gold that she twisted into Psyche's knot, with her white hands, translucent roseleaves, which she would study long, alone before her mirror; in love with her bosom, her neck, her tiny nose. She looked like a portrait of the Empire period, and the thought flattered her.

She could be very angry, very proud, very arrogant. She had always had impatient, feverish ambition. When she was fifteen she made a secret vow to God that if He heard the prayer and granted her glory she would make a pilgrimage on foot from Kharkov to Kiev. She was always dazzled by the shining mirage of fame. At first she appeared in her dreams as a great dancer, in décolletage, head crowned with flowers, very serious, before an astounded and admiring assemblage. Then she wanted to be the greatest singer

in the world and accompany herself on the harp. A crowd, enthusiastic, would gather around her, like in Nice when she sang "Rossigno che vola" in the fruit market and the old woman bowed so often and did reverence with "Che bella regina!" It was so interesting when she had her voice tried by a professor in Paris. She lied and said she was a poor little Italian girl. Then she called a second time, joyous at the success of her comedy. After that she longed fiercely to electrify the masses with her speeches. The Czar would marry her in order to preserve his throne. The people of Russia, moved even to tears, would bow down before her.

Two hearts moved her. The second brimmed with stirring sympathy. To Mademoiselle Champeau, her *modiste,* who had typhus, she sent twenty francs, but she herself stayed away so as not to give the impression that she wanted thanks. Or she would empty her purse, a thousand francs, in the office of some charity, because she had passed poverty on the street; then she would flee in haste. She sorrowed for Pincio, her little white dog from Rome, who ran away; for Coco, who happened under the wheels of a cart; for Prater, her dog from Vienna. She was full of remorse for having neglected him.

Was she a stranger to the love for a man? At

thirteen, in Nice, she'd been gone on the Duke of Hamilton. He had a yacht and an Italian mistress, he was an Apollo and a Nero in one, he didn't know she existed. Years later she saw him again, he was driven past her in the Champs Elysées, he was fat and red and had reddish sideburns. Then in Rome she had flirted with Pietro Antonelli, the nephew of the cardinal, with that false and forsworn "cardinalino." Then there was a less dangerous specimen, a candidate for matrimony, Count Larderel, he of the many debts. And finally the "empress' musketeer," Paul de Cassagnac. Were her senses beginning to speak in these adventures of an adolescent's imagination? She would have killed herself, out of rage, if she had come to know this. A faint, foreboding disgust trembled within her. Yet she sometimes was occupied with "the one who is sure to come," who would kneel to her as to a goddess.

Death came closer. Here in Paris the angelic physician of the family, Dr. Valitzki, sank to the floor unconscious, supported by her aunt and by old Tryphon. He had crossed himself three times and cried "Farewell!" in Russian. Seven months after him followed his patient, the lame and almost blind Grandfather Babanin. Mariya sobbed silently, she laid his head down on the white muslin pillows, and touched his cold brow.

Already in childhood she had been possessed by her fear of death, even when she begged Christ passionately that He should take her to Him. She shivered in the opera during the last act of *Traviata*. She was sure (or else superstitiously afraid) that she would die before her time. At sixteen, while she was still under Valitzki's charge, she spit blood. Alexis, who was clairvoyant, told her she had laryngitis. A chronic catarrh, Dr. Fauvel in Paris told Mama reassuringly. By eighteen she had taken the cure at Soden. At twenty she coughed a great deal; a nervous cough? Dr. Fauvel admitted the bronchial tubes were affected. She should be treated as if for tuberculosis—hot milk, flannel, and iodine.

There were symptoms of deafness, too. The ticking of the clock no longer found its way to her ear. Talk of people around her she heard as through a veil. Often she had wildly excruciating pain. But she compelled herself to pretend she was all right,—in the shops, among friends. She had lost her colorful voice. She tore out three hairs, grey sisters strayed in among her golden strands. In the catacombs at Kiev, among relics and burning candles, she still felt the sharp pain in her left lung. She wandered about with closed eyes, as one who is ripe for a plunge into an abyss.

So she would paint, in her own studio or in the rue Vivienne at Julian's. Julian had been very friendly to Mademoiselle "Bashkirtseff" and had often had a sly twinkle in his eye when he set her hesitant talent right, looking over her narrow shoulders and muttering in his dialect of Marseilles. Now he spared her as one spares the weakly.

Her second teacher was the elegant Robert-Feury. The girls called him Tony. Mariya had colleagues from Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Italy. The girls would whisper to each other when she made her entrance, in a fur cape, followed by her negro groom, Chocolat, who carried her paint box and easel; whispered when she sat down among them and began to draw a pose from some male model. The Breslau woman, from Zurich, was the rival at whom she glowered like a jealous girl in a *pension* and whose determination and ability were torture to her; to her who had always needed to be tended so carefully, and now was sick and worn down. And then came Maître Jules Bastien-Lepage.

He was half peasant, thickset, content, with the dark-blond curly beard of a countryman. He came from a village in Lorraine, from Damvil-

lers, near Verdun: stone walls, blossoming branches, a stream, the Tinte, flowing among its meadows. On several occasions he had painted, faithfully and simply, his grandfather, the retired customs official, as he sat, pleased with life; painted his thick nose, his skullcap, and his spectacles. He painted his father and his mother. His brother Emile was an architect. Jules was to have entered the postal service. In Paris he put letters into pigeonholes from seven of the evening until morning came. During the day he went to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. Then he exhibited. There was the Spring in the Country, a peasant girl at confirmation time, an inn, a hay-harvest, women gathering potatoes, Jeanne d'Arc under the apple tree, a maid of suffering, intent on the words she seems to hear.

For Mariya this was Revelation, this truth, this simplicity of spirit. She had an idea. She would be the Bastien of the city street. She sketched a young woman in a shop among memorial wreaths, figures in the mist from the Seine, children in an asylum. She distributed candies among the orphans and they clung to her skirt as the little children had clung to Jesus.

Bastien-Lepage was planning an Ophelia; so did she. She planned a Magdalen as part of a painting of the holy women at the grave. But

she had doubts about herself. Was she any more than a dilettante? Wasn't it necessary to wait till her technique had improved? She convinced herself that, if she wanted to get the cliffs above the grave right, she really ought to go to Arcachon or Capri, or to the East, to Algiers, perhaps even to Jerusalem.

A gypsy laid out the cards for twenty francs and predicted success, yes, immense success, marriage, money, long tours. But in November, when she came back from Poltava, the consultant at the hospital, whom she sought out *incognita,* —the consultant told her she would never get well again.

In December Jules, and Emile, the architect, were guests at Madame Bashkirzev's. Mariya took joy in embarrassing the maestro with praise. The doctor now prescribed plasters. That meant yellow places on the shoulderblades. Only flowers could hide them when she appeared at soirées. She was damned, and she deceived herself into thinking that this lent her a sort of mysterious allure.

She had a pastel in the Salon this year, the head of an Irma, and also an oil painting, two boys on the sidewalk. The pastel got honorable mention. Mariya fastened the certificate onto the tail of

the squealing Coco. Still, now she had more of spirit, of pride.

What was her relation to Bastien-Lepage? Of course, she wouldn't marry him. But she had the impulse to please him. In his presence she was now familiar, now shy. Then something uncomfortable would stir within her. She would answer him very stupidly. After all, he was ugly. In her unhappiness she shut herself up in the toilet to cry. Papa, that spendthrift of a Papa, from whom Mama had separated, had died in Russia. She revolted against death. Her tuberculosis was imaginary, she was sure. Her heart was empty. She turned twenty-three. At night she would wander about, a spectre in white. Locomotives whistled, the bell rang in the church in the rue Brèmontier.

Jules Bastien-Lepage was in Algeria, in Blidah. A physician had explained that he had an affection in the stomach that indicated cancer. The March sky was an oppression. Mariya sent to the Salon a group of street children before a board fence. She got third place and no medal. But the picture was printed in the newspapers. And Emile Bastien-Lepage had good news to report to her. Too late, too late.

In June she overcame with surprise a soirée at the Russian embassy, for in her gown of silk she looked as lovely as at Nice and Rome. She made a painting in an orchard in Sèvres, a peasant woman, rather sour looking. Now she heard that Jules was in Paris again, at his home in the rue Legendre. With Mama she went to him. He was completely changed. She laughed and said, there was no harm done, he'd started getting too fat in the middle before he left. His legs were pipestems, his hair in disarray, his eyes strangely dilated. She sat on the edge of his chaise longue. Everything about her enchanted him, down to the handle of her parasol. She also visited him in his studio, when his mother was there. And again in the rue Legendre, in a grey linen frock and a hat covered with old lace. She jested, to cheer him. His mother cut his hair, his brother his beard. A fine family.

In August she was so poorly that she was on the point of giving in. But she kept on working, in the Bois, sitting in a cab, troubled with staring people. She went to Jules. In any case his eyes were shining and wonderful. He was drinking goat's milk now, the milk of her goat. They carried him out into the greenery in a chair. A new sorrow: they did not hide from her that his case was hopeless.

The Bois united them. He stretched his wasted hands toward her. She sat at his bedside. He wanted even now to take care of her, he buttoned up her jacket. He turned away from the others and the two of them talked in whispers about art.

She could no longer leave her house. And now he came to her. His feet were rested on bolsters. She was wrapped in white plush and white lace. He gazed on her: "Oh, if I could only paint." He came nearly every day. Emile carried him laboriously up to the third floor on his back. Each time they parted they said, "Au revoir."

In the last night of October the flame of the candle wavered and sank. The dawn greyed through the jalousies. "We will die together," she breathed, as if Jules were there. The silver of day grew brighter; Mariya no longer drew breath.

His illness lasted five more weeks. On the morning of December ninth, as it struck four, he spoke smiling to his mother: "Time for children to be asleep."

Astapovo, Last Stop!

THE soul of Sophia Andreyevna was weighed down by an incubus—the fear that he might leave her at any hour of the day or night, driven on by the restlessness stirring in his deep-set eyes. This had been going on ever since Count Tolstoy, at the age of fifty-three, had tried to give expression to his new ideas about Christianity by making a pilgrimage to the Raskolniki, accompanied by the village school teacher of Yasnaya Polyana and the servant Arbusov, wearing fibre shoes and carrying sacks. On another occasion he had wanted to run away with a peasant woman in order to be able to forget his life as an estate owner by living among the farm hands.

The next time it happened was the year he was writing *The Kreutzer Sonata.* At this time he was becoming more and more convinced that it was wrong to own property and he was trying to persuade Sophia Andreyevna to sell the horses which weren't being used. He stole away, going in the direction of Tula. But he came back, walked through the room where his two sons

were playing cards, and went to his room. There he lay down on the sofa, but he was unable to sleep. Sonya—Sophia—was in the last months of pregnancy and beside herself with fear caused by his disappearance. She waked him and said: "Excuse me, but my time has come and I think it's possible I may die." On this white, unhappy June night following his return Sasha Alexandra was born, and Leo Nikolayevitsh wrote in his diary: "Why do I have to be here? I'm of no help; it can't be avoided in any case."

A year after Sasha's birth he meditated flight for the third time. Again, twelve years later, he thought of it, and asked his favorite daughter, Masha, to take two sealed manuscripts out of the stuffing of a chair covered with oil cloth. One of them was a letter to his wife: "The fact that I have left you doesn't mean that I am angry with you." At the age of eighty he complains that his life is a lie and the world is dominated by vanity. "I can't stand it. Help me, O Lord, for again I'm seized by the desire to leave."

The old man dwells as a humble boarder on his wife's estate, Yasnaya Polyana. An ascetic and a vegetarian, he lives with Tshertkov according to the stern mandates of Truth. Shame and melancholy torture him when, on the outskirts of what was once his own property, he rides past

ragged men breaking stone along the roadway. —His spirit unceasingly presses forward on the path to destruction.

He had courted Sophia Andreyevna Bers and her eighteen year old charms when he himself had already reached the mature and "advanced age" of thirty-four. He had not hesitated to confess to her with entire frankness the violence and unconventionality of his impulses. He cries out: "I'm almost insane. I'll kill myself, if this goes on." They quarrel, and he's afraid that he may be deluding himself into thinking it's true love. "My friend, don't marry," Prince Andrey tells Pierre in *War and Peace,* and in *Anna Karenina,* in the description of Kitty's and Levin's marriage, there is also evident "a gnawing feeling of division."

At the very beginning there was still harmony between the Tolstoys. Sonya, proud and happy, insisted on copying his manuscripts. When the children had been put to bed, they played on the piano and Sonya's sister would sing. Tolstoy, who later decided that music was sensual, would on these occasions grow pale and his face would distort somewhat, as though in fear and awe. The Feastday of the Three Kings was celebrated

at Yasnaya Polyana with bean cakes and masquerades, with singing and dancing. In the midst of all this pandemonium Sophia Andreyevna felt wistful and melancholy. Now all that has fallen into dust, is barely remembered. The illnesses from which she suffered made heavy inroads on her strength and finally an operation proved necessary. Now she has become a matron.

Her figure shapeless in its loose morning gown, she stands beside her husband. He is dressed in a gray peasant smock and high boots, his fingers are stuck in his belt, he has a rounded cap on his bearded patriarch's head, stares straight in front of him with his usual piercing gaze, and says nothing. The discord between them cannot be concealed. Sophia Andreyevna no longer tries to rival Masha, on whom Tolstoy spent much of his tenderness, for Masha is dead of pneumonia. Her rivalry is now directed against Sasha Alexandra, who sides with her father in the struggle between husband and wife over whether Tolstoy could refuse to copyright his new books and could renounce the estate he had given to his wife. Sophia also finds herself opposed to Tshertkov, a mild fanatic. At the time Sasha was born, Sophia was indignant at what she considered Tchertkov's Crusoesque conduct: "He sits around in his smock and dirty woolen socks, looking ragged and sorrowful, and

sews shoes for Agafya Mikhailovna along with Mitrofan. This foolishness and his indifference about his family are so revolting to me that I just won't write to him."

Sometimes he longed to come to an understanding. "I am always hoping that with nightfall the clouds of discord between you and me will lift and that the sunset will be clear and bright." Sometimes he is oppressed by a sense of guilt. At other times it seems to him that he is being robbed of his life and he grumbles about the increasing hysteria of Sophia Andreyevna, who is hysterical because she is desperate. "As long as I live, she will be a mill stone around my neck and that of my children," he had entered in his diary as early as 1884.

In 1909, after a quarrel about a projected trip to Sweden and about Dushan Petrovitch Makovitsky, their Slovak house physician, who she says poisoned her, she tries to commit suicide with poison. Tolstoy succeeds in twisting the little bottle of morphine out of her hand. During the summer of 1910 she is in a state of complete confusion. At night, aroused and desirous, she leaves him. He is unable to sleep, listens, dreams about her, wakens, and listens again to the silence. It is "worse than a raging fire." A psychiatrist is called in and finds that Sophia Andreyevna has

paranoia. Tolstoy changes his will, secretly, scribbling seated on a stump in the forest, among the birches that summer dresses in new green.

Tshertkov, who is always issuing warnings, writes that he should visit his daughter Tatyana in Kotsheti in order to prevent them committing the sin of calling in doctors to swear that he is senile and feebleminded. He goes, and is followed by Sophia Andreyevna. Since it's already October she sees to it that the rooms are heated, closes the blinds, draws the curtains and, as he remarks bitterly, looks after his physical well being. He tells a peasant he is going to run off to some other place: "Perhaps I will come straight to your hut to die." Returned to Yasnaya Polyana, he hears a noise in his study on the night of October twenty-eighth. He sees a line of brilliant light under the door, he lights a candle to investigate. Sophia Andreyevna enters the room. She has been going through his papers. When she has left him, he prepares for flight.

He wakes Dushan and Sasha. With the help of Barbara Mikhailovna Feokritova, they pack a few necessaries. In the darkness he goes to the servants' house to tell the coachman, Adrian Pavlovitsh, to harness the horses. Stumbling into a tree he loses his cap and fetches another one from the house, and a flashlight. Out of respect for elec-

tricity, which must not be treated in a spendthrift fashion, he continually snaps the light on and off. While the first horse is being harnessed he tries to curb the second one, but his hands tremble with excitement. The stableboy, Filya, torch in hand, leaps to his seat, and Dushan and Tolstoy drive to the station.

They have only 32 rubles and cannot pay the fare, but they arrange to pay later. At Gorbatshev they change to third class. The pilgrim, Leo Nikolayevitsh, is on his way to Optina Pustyn and the convent Shamardino, where he will find his old sister, Marya, a nun. There he is joined by Sasha and Barbara. Affected by the heat, he sits at the open window of the convent-inn and writes to Sonya, his "little dove," and to his children, Sergey and Tatyana. As yet he has no plan. When he has obtained a passport he intends to go by way of Rostov, Odessa, and Constantinople to Bulgaria, or else to the Caucasus.

At four o'clock in the morning he leaves suddenly without saying good-by to his sister. At Koselsk, he and Sasha, Dushan, and Barbara Feokritova board the train, which is waiting when they arrive. They stand on the platform. Then Tolstoy lies down in the smoky compartment. He is annoyed by people's curiosity, for the news that he is on the train has spread. A policeman pops

in and out. First he's in plain clothes and then he's disguised as a railroad employee.

Tolstoy has chills and fever. At Astapovo Station he has to leave the train. He sits on the sofa of the ladies' room in the red station building, and ladies who want to primp before the mirror walk back and forth in front of him. Staggering when he tries to walk he is taken to the room belonging to the chief official of the station, Osoling, whose three children are laughing and singing next door. Half swooning, he talks, believing that he is at Yasnaya Polyana. His face twitches. He is attacked by cramps, and groans. The doctor in attendance at the station, himself very sick, does what he can. There is a rattling sound when the patient breathes, it's caused by the pneumonia. He coughs up blood. In the morning Tshertkov arrives. He is a huge flabby creature, his hooked nose resembles an eagle's beak.

Shortly after his departure Sophia Andreyevna asks for her husband and then reads his letter to her. In her housedress, without rubbers, she runs along the road between the lines of birches to the pond where the two old brick towers of the gate stand. It is the same pond where once, a young wife, she leaned boldly over the wooden

structure at the water's edge, careless of her pregnancy, an enormous bunch of keys dangling at her skirt,—watching Leo Nikolayevitsh superintend the hauling up of a wriggling mass of carp caught in the nets. Now she wants to drown herself, slips off the float, which is used for rinsing the wash, and is sinking, when her daughter, Sasha, who is still in Yasnaya Polyana, and Secretary Bulgakov rescue her. Driven by the Furies, she again flees along the road lined with birches and is dragged back. She crushes her breasts with a hammer and cuts herself with knives. She wants to throw herself out of the window into a well. Carefully guarded, she succumbs and sobs, the image of misery. For five days she does not eat and will not drink a drop of water. On the evening of the fifth day there is a telegram saying that Tolstoy is sick at Astapovo. She leaves with her sons and Tatyana, having engaged a special train.

By six o'clock the next evening she is in Astapovo. Dushan Petrovitch, their doctor, insignificant looking, gray-haired and pallid, in a brown overcoat with worn fur collar, hurries to meet her and to answer her questions. He will not allow her to enter the room where her husband is dying. Semyonovski, the physician in charge of the case, also forbids it. He says that the condition of the

heart makes it imperative that his patient should not be subjected to sudden shock.

Day after day, Sophia Andreyevna wanders restlessly about near the staircase in the railroad stationhouse. She has brought a pillow for her husband. It is one which she had embroidered for him and on which he was accustomed to sleep in his study. He demands immediately: "Where did this pillow come from?" They explain that Tatyana brought it. He weeps, saying that to meet Sonya again would be fatal, but that if she desired it he would not be able to refuse her request. He glances at a glass door opposite his bed, asking where it leads to and says that he has seen the faces of two women peering through the panes. In order to prevent his suspicions from being further aroused, a curtain is hung over the glass door, through which Sonya in her grief had been visible to him for a moment as a dark shadow. Two nurses hold back the Countess Tolstoy by force, and she is not able to escape from them.

The yard enclosing the railroad stationhouse has been invaded by a swarm of laughing reporters and she is photographed in the black clothes which already resemble a widow's. The dying man groans "Sonya," or is the word which he utters with such difficulty perhaps "Soda"? Tatyana asks him,

"Do you want to see Sonya?" Without answering, he turns his face to the wall. Only during the death agony is his life's companion allowed to see him. His brain is befogged with morphine, his breathing is rapid and harsh, his forehead knotted. She advances to the bed, takes his head between her hands, and whispers into his ear that she has been in Astapovo all the time and has always loved him. He sighs twice and dies the death of his own Ivan Ilyitsh: "and instead of death, there was suddenly light." They are all silent. Until Sonya Andreyevna, poor creature, clatters about, and explains that she is looking for a spoon. "Not because it's silver, but it's Leo Tolstoy's spoon."

Guggum

LIZZIE SIDDAL had learned the art of making women's finery, and she got a job as a seamstress at a modiste's in Cranbourne Alley, a street near Leicester Square. A huge shield hung outside the establishment, a resplendent notice to patrons. Miss Martin, in a merino dress, with black satin bracelets, sat in the shop. In the rear was the tailoring room.

Lizzie lived in Newington Butts. Her father was dead. He had worked in a steel cutlery plant in Sheffield. She had three brothers and two sisters. No doubt she had been repressed by care; chill penury had froze this genial current too. Now she had a quiet, youthful charm, great green-blue eyes with large lids that managed always to make her seem either sleepy or else reserved and distinguished. She had a flower-like neck, white skin, and a flood of red-gold hair. She took no part in the babble of her fellow workers, about last Sunday and tea in a real garden, about the Astley Circus, or about a boat-party to Richmond and some boy who had rowed

and who wore corduroy pants and a Guernsey shirt. On a page that had wrapped some butter that she carried home she had read a few lines of Tennyson's, and now she had an ideal that she hoped toward.

One November day as she sat with her needle in her white hand, she was seen through the glass door by a young painter who came into the milliner's shop with his mother—Walter Howell Deverell. He was the son of the secretary of the government art school at Somerset House, and had the controlled impatience of a man who is destined to die young. He was just working on a picture with several figures, out of *Twelfth Night,* Duke Orsino listening to the music, Viola dressed as a page, and the Fool. He was looking for a model for Viola—none of your professional models, a finer sort than that. He glimpsed Lizzie's head with excited surprise. He didn't follow her from the corner near the shop door. No, he got his mother to inquire of Miss Martin whether "the young lady" was willing. That referred to Lizzie, and so she came to Deverell's studio.

He presented to her the man whom he was using for the Fool, a friend of his who also was a painter and a poet. Dark locks of hair, uncared-for, fell across his brow and down to his shoul-

ders. The heavy lines of his eyebrows lay above eyes that were sunken and that burned with the fire of pride and cynicism. His hollow cheeks testified that his vital energy had been misused, his walk was unsteady, his clothes were poor, the dirt of the sidewalk caked his boots. His name was Rossetti,—Gabriele Charles Dante Rossetti, or Dante Gabriel, as he called himself. His parents were Italian. His father—an adept at musical improvising—had been a taxidermist in a museum in Naples. The Bourbon despot Ferdinand had outlawed him, and he had fled by way of Malta. Now he taught the language of his homeland at King's College in London—already his hair was white, his days passed in dreams among his books. Rossetti's mother was a daughter of the physician Gaetano Polidori and of an Englishwoman, Miss Pierce. Gabriele, a genius among a family of gifted children, suffered under the scorn that was heaped on an *Annunciation* that was his first exhibit. Mary was rising, a pallid sleep-walker,—starting fearfully from her resting-place in the false light of a Syrian morning—*ecce ancilla Domini.* And Lizzie was saddened by a poem of Rossetti's, it was so beautiful —the blessèd damozel leaned out from the gold bar of Heaven, she had three lilies in her hand, and the stars in her hair were seven, and she laid

her face between her hands, and wept for her belovèd. She wept—"I heard her tears."

The twenty-one-year-old Rossetti had his studio in Newman Street. He had been to Paris and to Belgium with Holman Hunt, to visit the Louvre and Bruges. And he had made his first essay at glorifying in a pen and ink sketch the figure of Dante, his patron saint,—*The Salutation of Beatrice.* He urged Lizzie, who was allowing Hunt to use her for a Christian maiden threatened by druids, and Millais to use her for Ophelia,—urged her to pose for his Beatrice. Lizzie's narrow head he gave to the domina, who looks past Dante as he stands struck with joyful pain. He kissed her, he called her "Liz," "Guggum," or "Gug."

She quit tailoring and now day after day she was to be found at Newman Street and Red Lion Square, in his studio, her coppery hair coiled low on her neck, her chin resting on pointed fingers which the blood seemed barely to reach, her eyes cast down or half open in a smile. Her speech was meager, infrequently she uttered a timid joyfulness. But then Guggum began to draw, and Rossetti praised her imagination. He now had rooms in a house on Chattam Place, near the Thames—a studio, a living room, and a bedroom. And he painted and sketched Guggum—as the

unearthly solemn ghost of Beatrice, or leaning back in the armchair, or holding a platter—often, and always in much the same manner.

His mother didn't yet know Lizzie, but his father said she might be a countess. And Gabriele had appeared once before her family; he didn't want to repeat the visit. Whenever he thought about Guggum's situation he felt a gloomy remorse, as if he were partly responsible for the lower class from which he was taking her away, for her poverty-stricken childhood. Remorse, as if he too were accused when she said, "Nobody looked after my soul."

They stayed in the country together for three months, in Finchley, while he painted the calf that the young farmer is taking into town in his cart when he sees his sweetheart, who had vanished from his ken, a painted woman on the sidewalk, who falls on her knees before him in the dirt—*Found*. But the model for the woman was not Lizzie, but Fanny Comforth.

Lizzie was tired, she dragged along under the autumn sun. He used her for a Mary washing clothes in the brook and for a Rachel at the well. Then she was examined by a physician in Oxford, Dr. Acland. He found it a serious case. Here was a spirit which had first been too long turned in upon itself, and then had been overwhelmed

by too much kindness and consideration. She had neuralgia, curvature of the spine, and consumption.

Since Guggum had no appetite and her stomach could digest nothing, Rossetti had her travel to the baths—to Hastings, Bath, and Clevendon. In the fall of the following year—it was made possible by Ruskin's domineering kindness—to Nice. A married woman went with her, a Mrs. Kincaid. But it became clear that Lizzie must be separated from this companionship. In December, while the weather was as warm as May is in England, Rossetti fetched her from Paris, where she was stranded without any money. To get her out of this financial hole he painted her as the pale Francesca locked in Paolo's arms even among the flying flames of the inferno. Two years later he stayed with her in Matlock, where she was taking the water cure.

A time came when he was not with her so often. Was he trying to pull away from sickly Liz, from little Guggum? He saw about him women who were more blooming—the slender Miss Burden who intoxicated him one summer evening in the theatre at Oxford, him and Burne-Jones, and who later became Morris's wife, Ruth Herbert the actress, and Fanny Comforth again,

and yet again Fanny, his model for Mary Magdalen and for the kissed mouth of the *Bocca Bociata*—for what says Boccaccio?—"A mouth that has been kissed doesn't lose its freshness—it renews its fragrance as the moon renews its disc."

Then suddenly Lizzie, in Hastings, took a turn for the worse. He journeyed to her side. He sent his mother word that, out of gratitude, he was going to be married to Elizabeth. In Hastings the Reverend Nightingale performed the church service. The married couple hid themselves in Boulogne and Paris. In the hotel Rossetti sketched a pair of lovers who, walking in a dark forest, meet face to face their own images, fringed by a ghostly glow. The man's hand jerks to his sword in fright, while he tries to support his loved one, who looks like Guggum, and who collapses, fainting. The forest is the forest of death.

They came to London to the completed residence in Chattam Place. In Paris they had bought jewelry for Lizzie. Before the cab had rolled up to their door they had pawned it to help the widow of Bob Brough. They had a Bohemian household, ate in restaurants, often sat up late into the night. Lizzie bore a child, a girl, which didn't live. Again they were alone in their

rooms. He would sit down in front of the consumptive girl, darkling in his heavy Italian beard, his hands in his pockets, his legs up on a second cane chair, and against the back of this she would lean her drawing-board as she sat down to sketch him. Or he painted her as the queen of all hearts, *Regina Cordium,* and finally as Princess Sabra kneeling to hold a basin of water for Saint George to wash his hands, bloody from the dragon's head he has dragged in—his wedding present to her.

Two days later—it was in February—they came home about eight o'clock from dinner at the Sablonière Hotel in Leicester Square. At nine Lizzie went to bed. Rossetti went out again. At half past ten he was back. He called to Guggum without lighting a light. Was she asleep? Didn't she hear him? He hurried into her bedroom. She lay unconscious, on the table next to her was an empty bottle that had held drops of laudanum that were prescribed for her. Dr. Hutchinson, under whose care she was, and three other doctors used a stomach pump and whatever other means they had, but they could not save her. She died at seven in the morning. The verdict of the coroner's jury which sat in the Bridewell hospital was: Death due to an accidental overdose of poison. Before the coffin was nailed shut Rossetti came, with eyes that stared and saw nothing, and shoved

a hand-written book between the linen and the strands of Guggum's hair that glimmered like dusty gold. A moment later he returned and said, they were his poems, they should go with her into the grave.

He left Chattam Place and moved into a big house, with a park, Cheyne Walk in Chelsea. At first he shared it with his brother, and with Swinburne and Meredith. He grasped at her fleeting image, transfigured Lizzie as *Beata Beatrix* who dies as she sits in a trance, her mind in a far place, and over her lap flutters a dove with the poppy, death's flower, in its beak. What changed in him when deceitful *Lilith, Venus Verticordia,* and *Joli Coeur* of the cherry mouth crowded out the dead girl—and *Proserpina in Hades,* with the shining lips of Miss Burden?

Most of the time he couldn't sleep, his sight became weak, he had to protect it with double glasses. He wandered about in a ravine near Penkill Castle and considered suicide. On the road going to Girvan a bright-colored finch hopped after him and let itself be caught. And he believed the bird was Guggum.

He wanted to recall his poems, that had been buried with her. For in a cave next to the brown

and rapid water of the Penwhapple he had had new visions full of mystic music. Though he could remember parts of the poems, he couldn't complete them. It was torture. Was it the desire to break a spell that led him to act, or was some more frightful obsession behind his decision? One October night a fire was built next to Lizzie's grave in the Highgate cemetery, the coffin was yanked up and opened. The body was little changed, but it had shrunk and seemed tiny, and a wordless question lay in the half open mouth that exposed the yellowed teeth. The manuscript was lying in the grey spiderwebs of matted hair, spotted and dripping. It was dried and cleaned and given to the widower, who had waited at a friend's house while the deed was done. Sacrilege weighed upon his shoulders as he turned the leaves.

After that he got peace by using chloral. He drank a vial of laudanum, imitating the movements of little Guggum when she died, and for days his life was in danger. He now had a country estate—Kelmscott—with Morris, for his income was growing larger. He fled from there because of a dispute with anglers who cursed him, he suspected, with premeditation. He believed he was the object of a conspiracy. Voices called to him from the air, contemptuous and insulting.

A thrush in the garden sang in order to demean him. He would go to Regent Park only at night. He wanted to stay at Cheyne Walk and never leave it. Next to his bed stood a Gothic lantern with a candle in it that he kept burning till morning.

He threw away his money, the servants improved on their opportunity. He had strange beasts around him—a wombat, a marmot, an armadillo, a racoon, a kangaroo, a chameleon, a salamander, and a zebu. He had become a spiritualist, convinced of life after death, because of his absorption in Lizzie. Now ghosts besieged him and he couldn't scare them away. He wanted to confess, but he came away without doing it. A nervous paralysis robbed him of the use of his lower limbs. "Yesterday my wish was to die," he said one day in April. "Today, I must confess, I don't want to." He died on Easter eve, in a few minutes. When his brother looked over his papers he found a few scraps scribbled with girlish writing that was almost too faint to read. Verses by Guggum. "Can God bring back the day when we two stood beneath the clinging trees in that dark wood?" The cry of a child out of the dark forest of death, out of the depths of solitude, across the abyss that separates all mankind, which love itself cannot bridge.

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